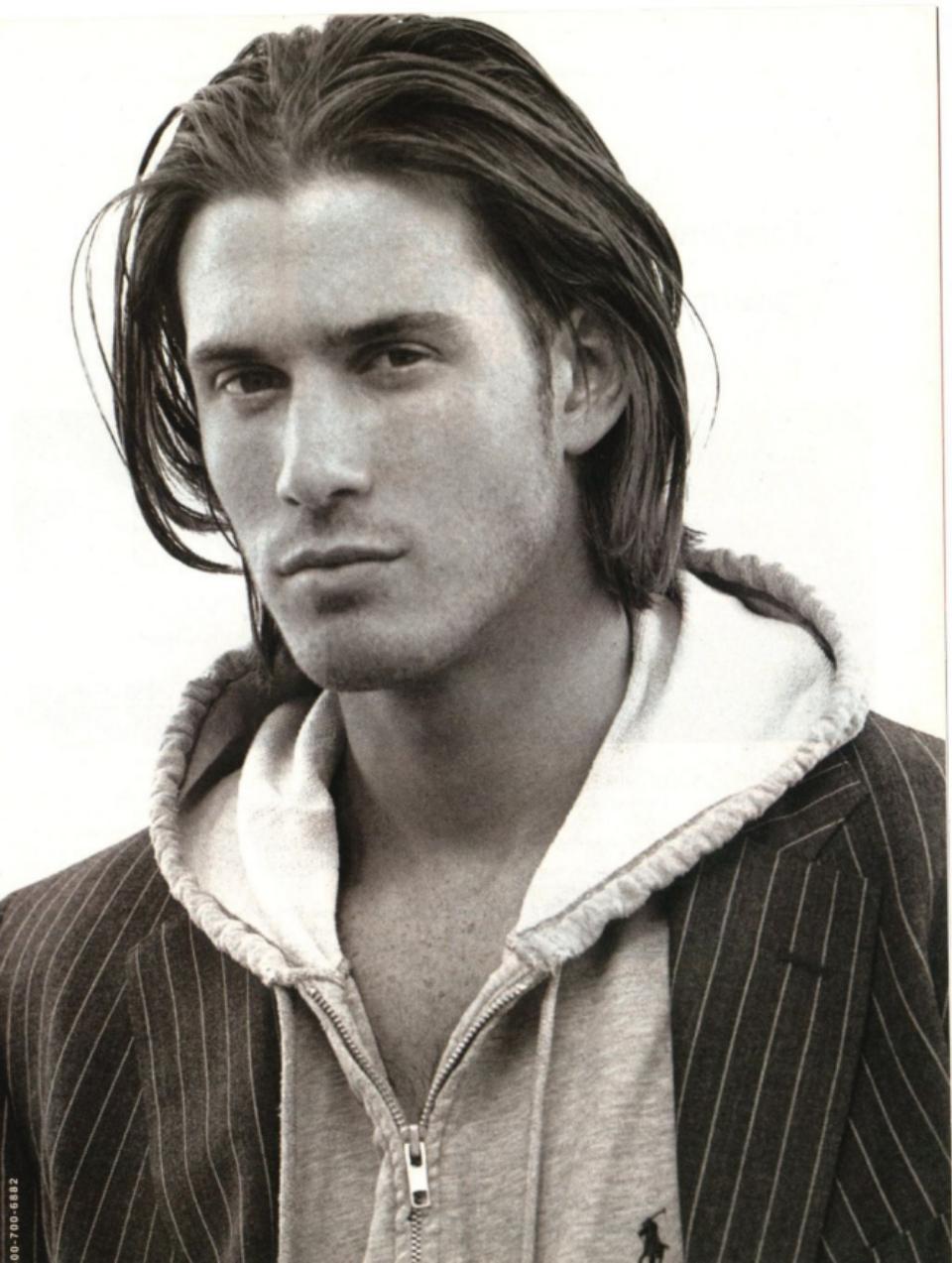

POLO RALPH LAUREN





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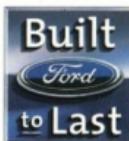
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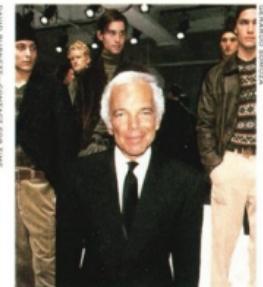


Africa Burning: A complex war rages among former allies (see WORLD)

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High Profile: In interviews and a book, Monica Lewinsky gives her side of the story (see COVER)



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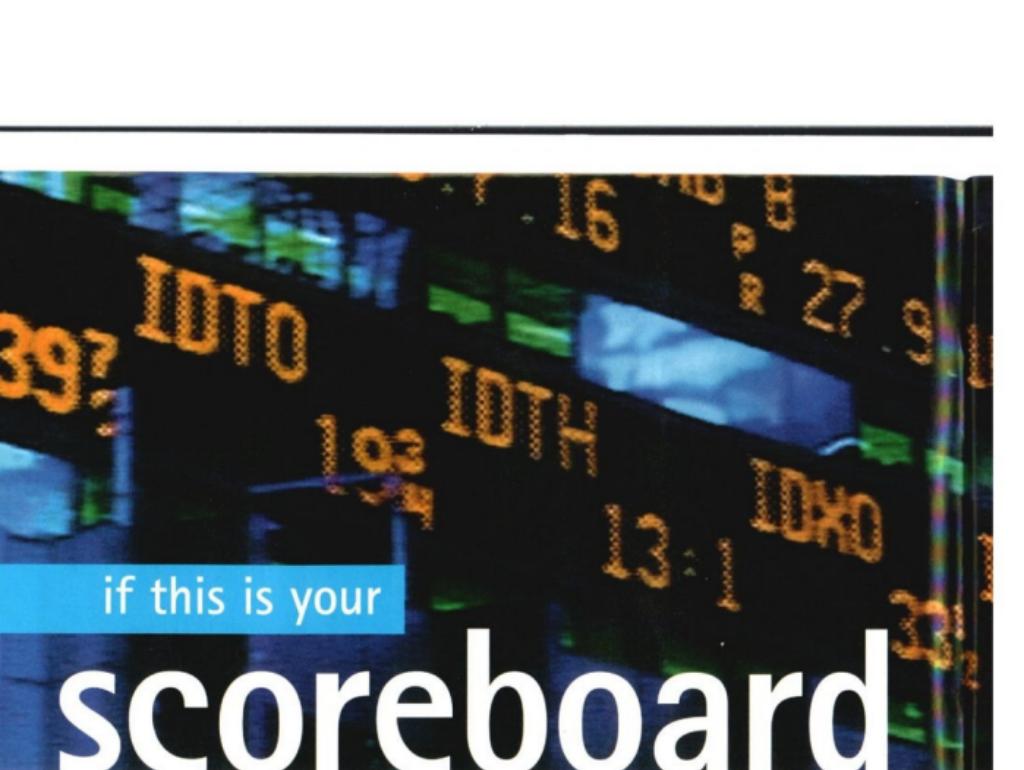
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Hair by Harry King; makeup by Tatjana Sulje-Shoan; styling by Wendy Goodman*



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When the Muzak Died

At the Galleria mall, where Nick Cage once got the girl, it's closeout time

THE ESCALATORS WHERE Julie dumped Tommy in *Valley Girl* were nearly empty the other day. Tommy himself has probably never been back after the way Julie dumped him for Nicolas Cage: "It's like, I'm totally not in love with you anymore."

Three flights up at the Galleria mall in Sherman Oaks, Calif., where Sean Penn played a surf dude whose diet consisted entirely of junk food and doped in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, the food court was dead. You almost wished Spicoli, the crazy pot-head, would show up, and scrounge a few burgers.

Of all the malls in the land—nearly 1,700 climate-controlled bubbles of raging hormones, Gap jeans and plastic trees—the Galleria was once the most famous, and those early-'80s movies glorified a national culture. The Galleria, like those movies, is dated now. If you haven't guessed, you are reading a mall's obituary.

ary. So don't say the media never give you any good news.

The Galleria is so ghostly quiet you're tempted to do a grave dance and let it echo to the rafters. It has the feel of a thousand downtown shopping districts sucked dry by indistinguishable beasts like this one. Foot Locker, Structure and Florsheim Shoes sit empty. Victoria's Secret is naked. Only a handful of the 120 stores are still open. Orange Julius and Howick's Fine Gifts & Jewelry among them, but they'll soon be gone, and an 18-month renovation will turn the space into an office center with a few shops and restaurants.

"I spent a lot of dollars in this mall," Barbara Morgan says while she and friend Marilyn Laslo pick over the scraps in the Hallmark shop. "We can remember when they were filming the movies in here."

So how could a mall that became a movie star and is situated at the confluence of two major freeways, in Los Angeles



going out of business * going out of business * going out of business

no less, go under? If the answer you want is that malls are done, that people are going back to Main Street because they're tired of the Muzak and have finally realized there's nothing in those bath shops they really need, you won't be happy. Retail analysts say mall business in general is grand and that Internet shopping won't make a significant dent in it for at least five years. But they also see a future with fewer malls, as stronger, bigger ones squeeze out the dinosaurs.

Among its many problems, the Galleria had no high-end anchor store, like Nordstrom or Neiman Marcus; its two largest tenants, Robinsons and May department stores, merged and got into a messy legal dispute with the mall. Then there was the mall's odd design, which made it difficult to even know how to get into the place. Maybe most important, there were three better malls within 10 miles.

Fashion Square is one of them, and Daniel Wegman, 18, is in the food court there, staking out a prospect. He has spotted her from 50 yards and gets into position for a good look, and after she passes he proclaims, "She was hot!" The Galleria

didn't have any girls worth chasing, he says. It was stuck in the '80s, like those movies.

Alika King, 20, always gets Carl's Jr. French fries with ranch dressing and a large Dr Pepper at the Fashion Square mall. That stuff about those "old" movies being filmed at the Galleria doesn't impress her. "They filmed part of *Clueless* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* here at this mall," King points out.

There is no comeback for that. The Galleria, where Robinsons-May drew one last rush on the final day of its liquidation sale last week, is dead at 20. It is survived by the movie stars who got their start here, including Penn, Cage and Jennifer Jason Leigh. It is survived as well by Ed and Diane Edmunds, of Edmunds Unique Gifts, who will miss the Galleria but have found a new home at Fashion Square.

Surviving with less resilience is Harry Sahelian, 73, of the Buccaneer pipe and tobacco shop. Harry was determined to sell every last cigar before closing the door for the last time and going home to his wife. He used to live in Philadelphia, where you shopped on the street and knew all the merchants by name. A better time, yes.

"I hate malls," Sahelian says. "I will never go back into another one." ■



In the final days, Foot Locker has folded and Victoria's Secret lies naked

“I spent a lot of dollars in this mall.”

—BARBARA MORGAN, picking over scraps in the Hallmark shop



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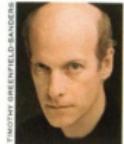
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TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS, who recently won a Grammy for his documentary on rocker Lou Reed, had a different sort of star to photograph in Monica Lewinsky. Greenfield-Sanders, who is known for his elegant portraits, shot our cover story and the cover of her book, *Monica's Story*. How do you approach "that woman"? By treating Lewinsky to breakfast before the shoot. He was struck by "how genuinely funny she is."



SYLVESTER MONROE, our South bureau chief, reports this week on a crime syndicate that uses stolen airline tickets to smuggle illegal aliens into the country. He has been investigating this story on and off since November 1996, when he heard about a series of travel-agency burglaries. As he dug deeper, he says, the story "shifted from fraud to a real public concern." Monroe also reports in this issue on the recent hate crime in Sylacauga, Ala.



JANE WULF, our new chief of reporters, joins us after rising from clerk to reporter chief during her 22 years at *Sports Illustrated*. Her first week here was a TIME trial of sorts: the magazine had to be updated at 5 a.m. Sunday with the news of King Hussein's death. "It made me think, 'Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore,'" says Wulf, who managed the ordeal gracefully. But then, with four children, she's used to being on 24-hour call.



MARGUERITE MICHAELS, TIME's news director, writes this week on the conflict festering in Congo. "It was a difficult story to end, because there is no end," says Michaels, a former Nairobi bureau chief who has visited Congo often. "I see last week's murder of Americans in Uganda as an indication of the chaos that will continue until Africa reshapes itself." Nevertheless, she adds, "that reshaping of colonial borders will bring about the continent's renaissance."

TO OUR READERS

When Personalities Make History

FOR A YEAR MONICA LEWINSKY HAS BEEN A MYSTERY AT THE CENTER OF A STORM: we seemed to know far too much about her and yet very little about what she felt and thought personally.

One of the few journalists who actually talked to her occasionally was our Washington bureau chief, Michael Duffy. Last February, just a month after the scandal broke, the two had a drink together, secretly, at a steak house in Washington. The conversation was off the record, but Michael was struck by how well-spoken and friendly she was—and also how unprepared she seemed for the nightmare unfolding.

Last week she finally agreed to talk to him on the record, the only print interview she has given. They met for more than two hours Friday at the Manhattan penthouse of her mother Marcia Lewis and stepfather Peter Strauss. It followed a few days of negotiations with independent counsel Kenneth Starr's office, because her immunity agreement requires her to get permission before talking to the press. The chief restriction placed on her was that she was not supposed to talk about the prosecutor's treatment of her, which is the subject of an investigation. Duffy says,

"The good thing about Monica is that she answers nearly every question. But that's her problem too."

Most people have conflicting emotions about this whole affair: it makes them feel tawdry and they yearn for it to go away, yet they realize the importance of the crisis and have been intrigued by the personalities. The same is true here at TIME. We feel it's interesting and historically important to report on a week that gave us what, in some ways, was the first real look at the actual person behind the famous face. But we can also hope this will be the final chapter in a tale that has been agonizing as well as riveting for more than a year.

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH HENRY KISSINGER IS NOT AS TANTALIZING AS AMERICA'S WITH Monica, but it's worth noting in light of this week's excerpt of his new book. He called me a few months ago, which was a bit unexpected since he'd quit speaking to me in 1992, when I wrote a biography of him. "Well, Walter," he said, in his distinctive rumble, "even the Thirty Years' War had to end at some point." (He did allow that his loyal wife was more partial to the Hundred Years' War.)

Among other things, he wanted me to read the third volume of his memoirs. TIME had published excerpts of the previous two, and he offered us the chance to do so again. I actually liked his book more than he had mine, especially the character sketches of Richard Nixon—which he felt he could do fully only after Nixon's death—and Gerald Ford.

Henry Luce wanted TIME to convey the history of our times through the fascinating characters who make it. The very different personalities and foibles of Nixon, Ford, Clinton and Lewinsky (as well as the insightful look at George W. Bush by Jay Carney and John Dickerson) are all part of that mix this week.

Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor



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LETTERS



The End of the Nightmare

“The true silver lining in the impeachment cloud was that Congress was too preoccupied to screw up anything else.”

STEVEN H. JOHNSON
Lakewood, Colo.

THE IMPEACHMENT SCANDAL MAY BE OVER [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 22], but its effects will go on eating at the very heart of the world's most powerful country. Maybe it's true, as Christian broadcaster James Dobson said, that Americans no longer recognize the nature of evil. Perhaps they see everything in shades of gray. This could prove to be the nation's downfall. But who cares so long as the U.S. economy is doing great?

FERDINAND S. ROAQUIN
Subic Bay, the Philippines

THE BITTER AND BUNGLING MISCALCULATIONS of President Clinton's political foes made him look good. So good, in fact, one might ask, "With enemies like these, who needs friends?"

JAMES KANTOR
Bangor, Pa.

I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED to learn from the scandal. Was it that I need to be ashamed of my country?

PATRICK QUINLAN
Madison, Wis.

HE GOT AWAY WITH IT. WE LET CLINTON get off. There was lying under oath, coaching of witnesses, concealing of evidence and a subversion of the judicial system. But all this didn't amount at least to a high misdemeanor, what ever will? Now all the mendacious charmers out there will be looking for their chance. We have not seen the last of scoundrels with dazzling charisma.

DUD GANN
Cape Elizabeth, Maine

CLINTON IS NOT ALLOWED TO GLOAT, SO we must do it for him. What fun!

PAUL N. NASH
Oakton, Va.

THERE IS A FAIRLY SIMPLE WAY TO AVOID future debacles like the one we experienced with the Clinton impeachment proceedings. A two-thirds vote in both

bodies of Congress is required to pass a constitutional amendment. That same vote of two-thirds in both bodies should also be necessary for impeachment and removal. A simple majority in either house is inadequate.

BERNARD W. FREEDMAN
Laguna Hills, Calif.

PRESIDENT CLINTON'S ACQUITTAL PROVED to me that this affair was always largely a media feeding frenzy and not much more. The righteously indignant right is not as strong as it thought. And finally, the system does in fact work.

GEORGE ADOMAVICUS
Cary, N.C.

THIS WHOLE EXERCISE WAS SO FLAWED and dishonest that President Clinton carries no burden of shame at all. Nobody cares. The Republicans made first-prize idiots of themselves, and the media came in a close second.

SYDNEY KAYE
Cape Town

BILL CLINTON, "THE COMEBACK CAD"?
LOUISE BAUGHAN MURDY
Rock Hill, S.C.

THE TRUE HEROES ARE LINDA TRIPP, THE House managers and, most of all, Ken Starr. He put personal glory aside and did the difficult job he had to do.

PETER A. OLSSON
Keene, N.H.

WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU?

Sure, the Clinton scandal was good for America, just like the iceberg was terrific for the *Titanic*, Hurricane Mitch was nice for Central America and Y2K will be great for the nation's economy.

Loren Jacobs
West Bloomfield, Mich.

IT IS SAID, WHERE THERE IS NO SHAME, there is no honor. This would be an appropriate summation for this trial.

GIOVANNI RACCUGLIA
Guilford, Conn.

AS AN 85-YEAR-OLD PATRIOTIC LADY, I have lived long and seen much. When I watched Congress vote to acquit President Clinton, I realized that evil had won over good. My heart is broken.

HELEN FLOYD
Denver

Correction

IN OUR VERBATIM SECTION ON THE END of the impeachment trial [NOTEBOOK, Feb. 22], we attributed the quote "Go home; it's over; get a life" to the wrong Bennett. It was said by Utah Republican Senator Bob Bennett, not by Clinton attorney Bob Bennett.

Still Angry Too

AFTER A YEAR OF BEING IGNORED, I FEEL liberated by Lance Morrow's commentary "Why I'm Still Angry" [VIEWPOINT, Feb. 22]. I too am no right-winger. I too voted for Clinton. And I too am filled with an unwholesome fury at his acquittal that has no place to go. Somehow, people like Morrow and me haven't been showing up in the all-powerful polls, but Morrow has validated the reality that we too are still here, our minds intact and our loss quite real.

LYN A. GRIFFITHS
Colorado Springs

I AM STILL ANGRY WITH BILL CLINTON, because I no longer want to say to a child, "You can grow up to be President."

RUTH NISSEN
Beaverton, Ore.

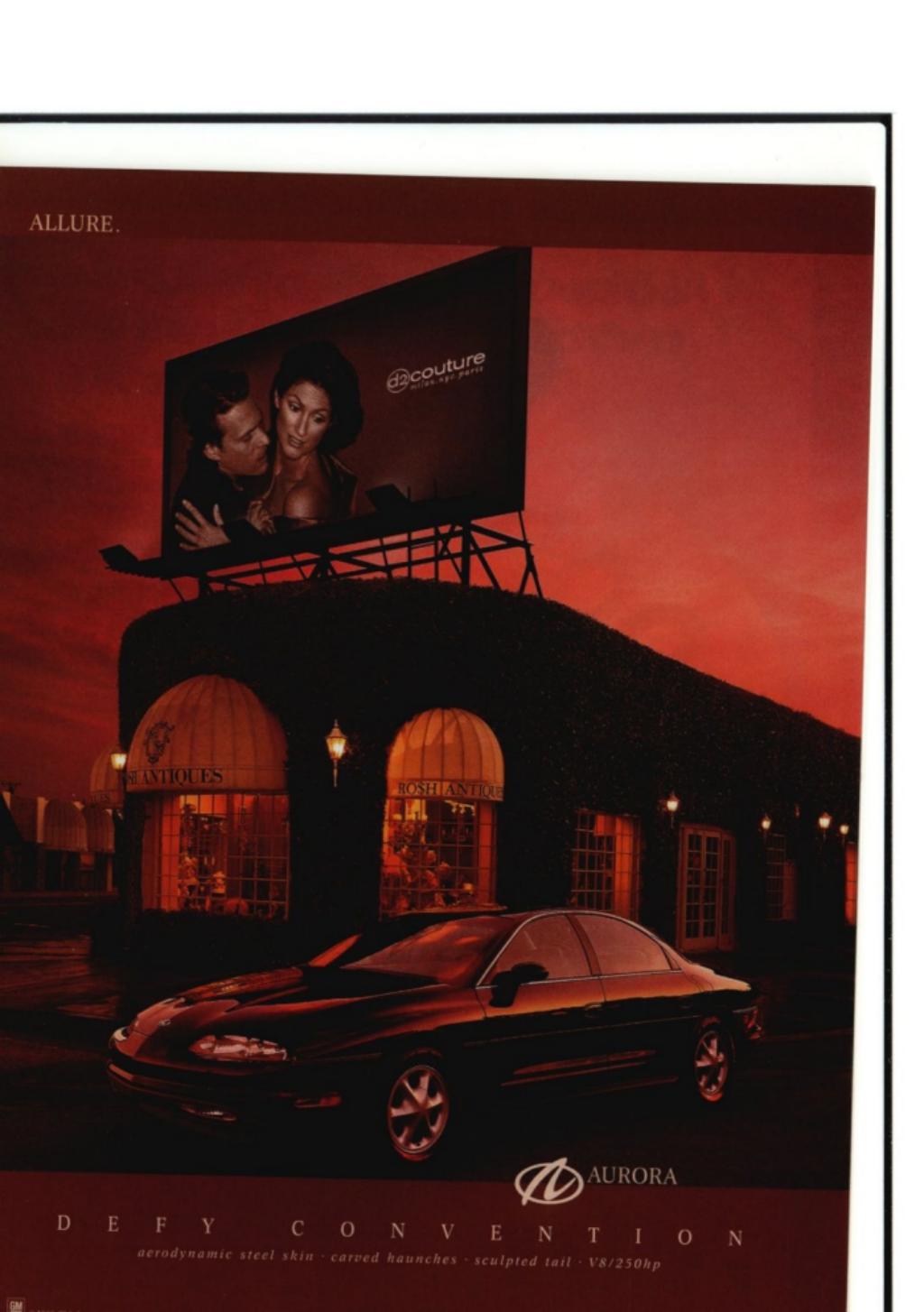
Schlesinger's Assessment

HOW WILL HISTORY JUDGE CLINTON? AS long as people like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. write history [VIEWPOINT, Feb. 22], Clinton will be the victimized hero chased by the "wolf pack." In truth, Clinton is the wolf (dressed in white wool). But what do facts have to do with history these days?

JOEL MARK SOLLIDAY
New Haven, Conn.

SCHLESINGER CRITICIZED THE "INSTITUTIONALIZATION of the prosecutorial culture" in our political life and took aim not only at independent counsels but also at inspectors general. Schlesinger blamed the latter for abridging "due process in their investigations" and said they "do

ALLURE.



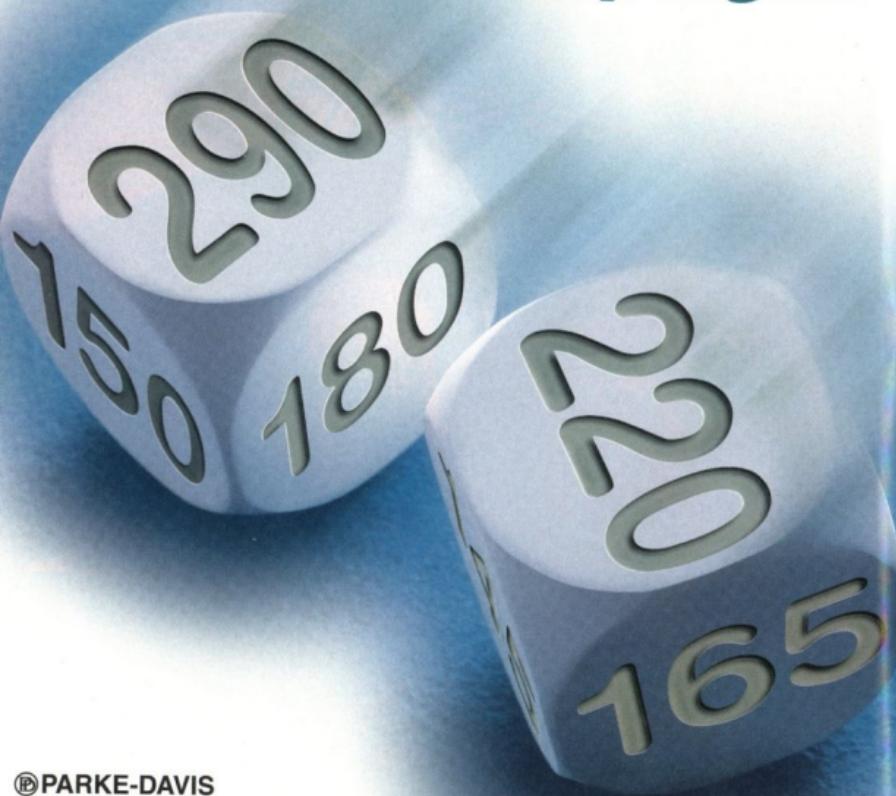
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Information for Patients — **Patients with HIV/AIDS** — **Caution**: Stavudine is associated with peripheral neuropathy, which is accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug interactions** — The risk of myopathy during treatment with other drugs of this class is increased with concurrent administration of cyclosporine, thiazide and derivatives, neonicotinoid acid, erythromycin, aztreonam, fosfomycin, and ticarcillin/clavulanic acid.
Manufacturers — Bristol-Myers Squibb, Inc.
Massachusetts Department of Public Health — **Caution**: Stavudine has been associated with peripheral neuropathy. The plasma concentration of stavudine decreased approximately 35%. However, LDL-C reduction was not altered. **Antipyretics** — Because stavudine does not affect the pharmacokinetics of antipyretics, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same cytochrome P450 isoenzyme (CYP3A4) are not expected. **Concomitant therapy** — LDL-C reduction was greater 25% when stavudine and stavudine were coadministered than when either drug was given alone. **Contraindications** — **Arteriosclerotic plasma concentrations and LDL-C reduction** — **Patients taking digoxin** — **Caution**: Arteriosclerotic plasma concentrations and LDL-C reduction were not altered by coadministration of digoxin and stavudine. **Contraindications** — **Arteriosclerotic plasma concentrations and LDL-C reduction** — **Patients taking digoxin** — **Caution**: Arteriosclerotic plasma concentrations increased by approximately 20%. Patients taking digoxin should be monitored appropriately. **Endocrinology** — In healthy individuals, plasma concentrations of stavudine increased approximately 40% with coadministration of stavudine and erythromycin, a known inhibitor of CYP3A4. **Contraindications** — **Arteriosclerotic plasma concentrations and LDL-C reduction** — **Patients taking digoxin** — **Caution**: Arteriosclerotic plasma concentrations and LDL-C reduction were not altered by coadministration of digoxin and stavudine.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: LIPITOR is generally well-tolerated. Adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In controlled clinical studies of 2502 patients, <2% of patients were discontinued due to adverse experiences attributable to atorvastatin. The most frequent adverse events thought to be related to atorvastatin were constipation, flatulence, dyspepsia, and abdominal pain. **Clinical Adverse Experiences:** Adverse

Adverse Events in Placebo-Controlled Studies (% of Patients)					
BODY SYSTEM	Placebo	Atorvastatin	Atorvastatin	Atorvastatin	Atorvastatin
Adverse Event		10 mg	20 mg	40 mg	80 mg
N = 770	N = 863	N = 36	N = 79	N = 79	N = 94

Caution: **Use only once a day. Avoid edema, fever, neck rigidity, malaise, photosensitivity reaction, generalized**

OVERDOSE: There is no specific treatment for atorvastatin overdose. In the event of an overdose, the patient should be treated symptomatically, and supportive measures instituted as required. Due to extensive absorption, emesis and/or cathartics are unlikely to be effective.

drug binding to plasma proteins, hemodialysis is not expected to significantly enhance the removal of the drug.

Consult pac

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their dirty work without serious accountability." He charged inspectors general with having created a culture in which "anonymous denunciations thrive." His unsupported criticisms reflect a lack of knowledge and do a grave disservice to inspectors general. Inspectors general root out waste, fraud and abuse and investigate misconduct. They do not have any independent power to prosecute but instead work with federal prosecutors on cases that are suitable for action. And they deal with anonymous denunciations the way any professional investigative agency does: they pursue allegations that have merit and reject those that do not.

MICHAEL R. BROMWICH
INSPECTOR GENERAL
Department of Justice
Washington

HOT AND SPICY BITES

In describing his meeting with China's President Jiang Zemin [VIEWPOINT, Feb. 22], TIME editor-in-chief Norman Pearlstine briefly referred to the exotic nine-course dinner they ate. Experiencing the varied riches of China's cuisine is an essential part of an official trip to that country. When Richard Nixon made his historic visit in 1972 to meet with Premier Chou En-lai, the First Lady took an interesting side trip—a visit to the kitchen at the Beijing Hotel. Some morsels from our coverage of Pat Nixon's private kitchen tour [March 6, 1972]:



"Sipping and sampling as she went, she paused over the array of delicacies—goldfish in white sauce, egg rolls rampant on a field of seaweed, steamed baby bird couchant on clamshell pastry ... Expertly wielding chopsticks, she downed some chicken and bamboo shoots and, without a wince, a fiery stuffed pickled squash. 'It's delicious,' she said, slyly offering a bit to one of the attending newsmen. He chewed, swallowed and blanched. 'Very spicy,' a Chinese interpreter said belatedly. Then turning down a proffered egg roll, the guest of honor pleaded, 'If I eat any more, I'll need all new clothes.'"

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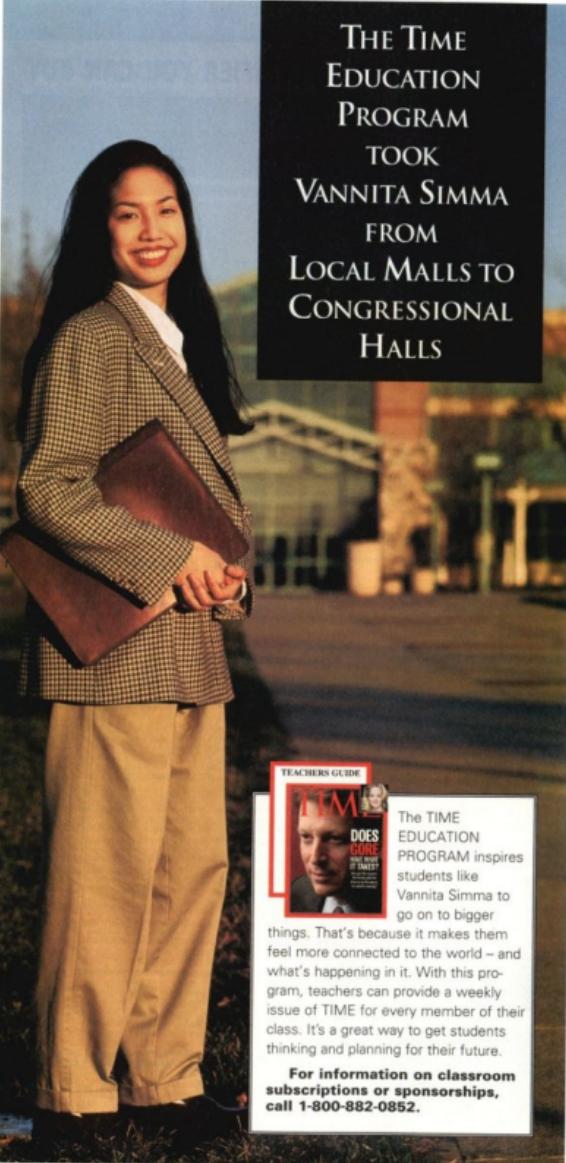
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Dinner with Jiang

NORMAN PEARLSTINE'S CONVERSATION with Chinese President Jiang Zemin [VIEWPOINT, Feb. 22] epitomizes the fundamental problem of contemporary Sino-American relations. Pearlstine gives too much credence to Jiang's diplomatic rhetoric. Until U.S. policymakers understand the actions of this regime and disregard Jiang's hypocritical diplomacy, Beijing's hegemonic agenda will continue to threaten the economic and security interests of free Asia and America.

ARTIE McCONNELL
SENIOR RESEARCH ASSISTANT
National Defense Council Foundation
Alexandria, Va.

I WAS IMPRESSED WITH PEARLSTINE'S ACCOUNT of his dinner with Jiang. It brought the problems facing China today clearly into focus. I agree that "the stronger China becomes economically, the better it will be" for both the U.S. and China. I hope that our representatives in Congress see the wisdom of these words.

BILL CORBETT
Centerville, Mass.

Tinky's Sexual Orientation

COME ON! I'M NOT A JERRY FALWELL devotee, but you made him sound like some kind of witch hunter in describing his conclusion that the *Teletubby* character Tinky Winky could be gay [NOTEBOOK, Feb. 22]. My daughter is almost two and a regular *Teletubbies* viewer. One of the first things I noticed when I watched with her was Tinky Winky and his "bag." Bag, schmag! It's a purse, complete with a clasp at the top, just like my grandmother used to carry. I'm not saying the creators were intending to create a gay character, but he is definitely a very different male creature from any we've seen on kids' shows before.

DEBRA YEO
Pasadena, Calif.

WHY ARE FOLKS LIKE FALWELL CALLED far right when they're always out in left field? And why does anyone take these bozos so seriously? Maybe Falwell is jealous because the *Teletubbies*' creators make piles of money without having to threaten anybody with the jaws of hell.

CHARLES GODWIN
Davenport, Iowa

Open Adoption Records

I WAS DISAPPOINTED BY YOUR ARTICLE ON Oregon's Measure 58, which would give adoptees the right to see their birth certificate when they turn 21 [Law, Feb. 22].

Rockport

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THE GREATEST
THERE EVER WAS OR WILL BE

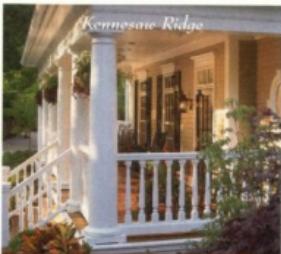
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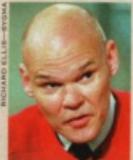
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TME-850

HE SAYS, SHE SAYS, READERS SAY

After reading how James Carville would go after the Republicans post-impeachment and how Mary Matalin would tackle the Democrats [VIEWPOINT, Feb. 22], a number of readers came up with some pithy retorts for this husband-and-wife political dichotomy:



ON CARVILLE

The "Pit Bull" of American politics is again on the loose.
—James C. Dever Jr., Ocean City, N.J.

There you go again, James.

—Rob Windoffer, Nashville, Tenn.

Gatling-mouth Carville hoists yet another petard.

—Tom McNiff, Winthrop, Mass.

ON MATALIN

Wouldn't it be neat if she ran for President and won?
Carville would have no idea whom to attack.

—John English, Orem, Utah

Her prescription for a G.O.P. victory sounded as if it might have been written by Carville in drag.

—Joseph J. Honick, Tucson, Ariz.

ON CARVILLE AND MATALIN

Will someone please put these two on a boat, point it in the opposite direction of the U.S. and start the engine!

—Ed Kulasa, Tinley Park, Ill.



It was full of inaccuracies and wrong-headed assumptions. Measure 58 isn't about "tracking down" anybody. Most adoptees who wish to search already do so. The article included references to "kids" and "children" as if they would access their birth certificates. Measure 58 and other proposed open-records legislation would make files available only to adult adoptees.

Measure 58 is about dignity and justice. It is not about "open season" or "tracking down" anyone, both insulting hunting analogies. This is nothing revolutionary or extreme; it's the way adoption law stood for years before the failed social experiment of sealed records, which was founded on archaic notions of stigma, secrecy and shame.

SHEA GRIMM, LEGISLATIVE CHAIR
Bastard Nation
Redmond, Wash.

WHAT ABOUT THE BRAVE NEW MEDICALLY created babies who are the product of purchased eggs or sperm? If there are laws allowing adoptees to have access to their birth parents, there should be access for all people to records of their biological parentage. I hope legislators keep these people's rights in mind.

PEG LOPATA
Francetown, N.H.

YOU LEFT OUT THE PERSPECTIVE OF ADOPTIVE parents. They are required to jump through many legal and social hoops to adopt a child. When they get a child

through legally binding adoptive procedures, they provide all the necessities of life that natural parents would. But what rights, courtesies and considerations are available to the adoptive parents? The possibly fragile foundation achieved by those adoptive parents through years of love and support may now be jeopardized by open adoption files.

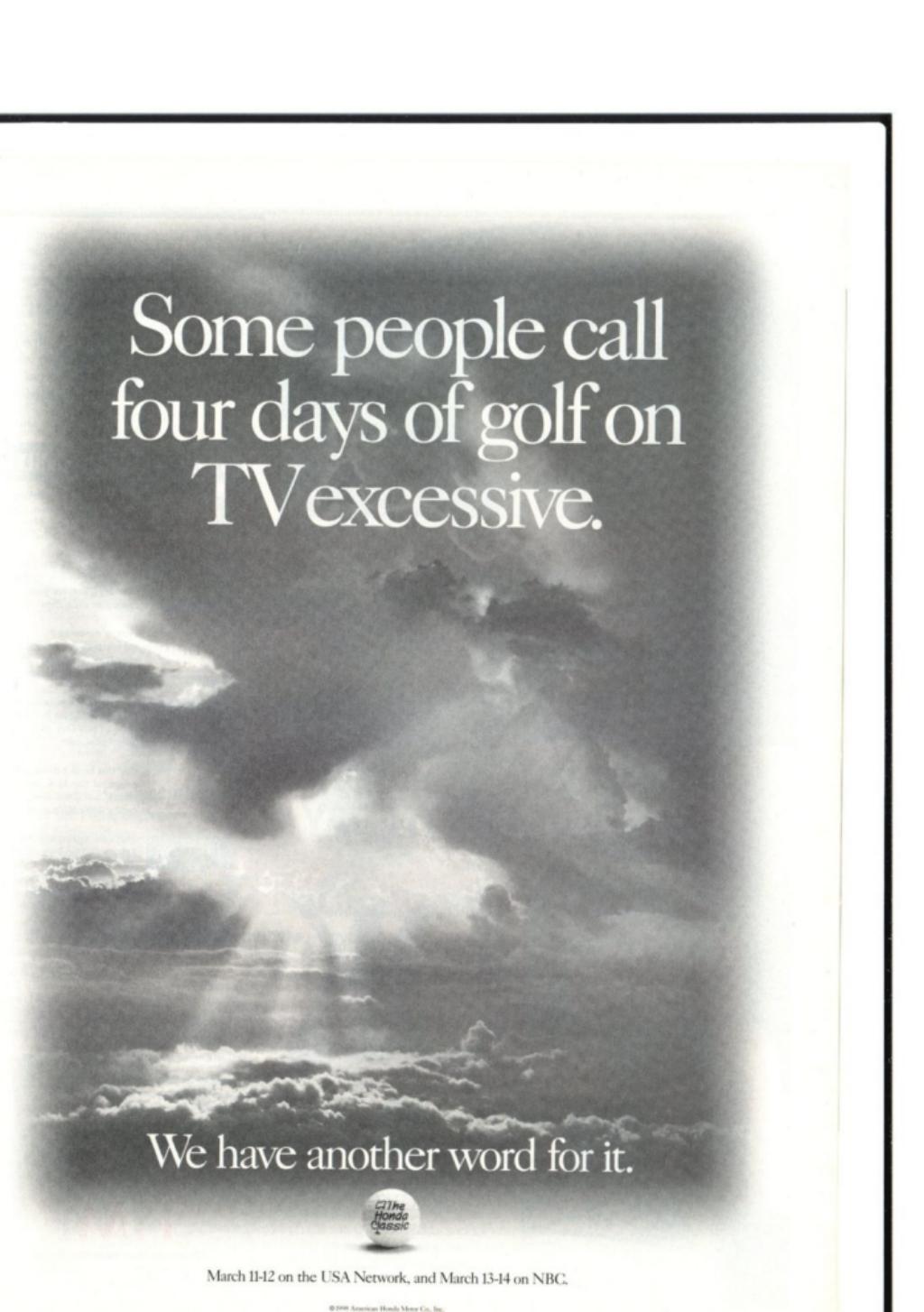
ROBERT ERDMANN
San Diego

They Want Their MP3!

RE YOUR STORY ON THE FREE MUSIC available on the Internet [BUSINESS, Feb. 22]: I am a classical pianist and recently made the tracks from one of my CDs available for download at the MP3.com site. To some—especially those in the music industry—it looks as if musicians who provide tracks to MP3.com are giving away their music for nothing. But I look at the free downloads as being a lot like radio airplay and I get more exposure than I would on a local radio station. Online music distribution presents great opportunities to artists and listeners. The music industry exists to serve both, and if it fails to do so, it will die away—or be replaced by a new, different music industry more attuned to people's needs.

BRENT HUGH
Kansas City, Mo.

YOUR REPORT "YOU'VE GOT MUSIC!" described MP3.com as a "major gateway for pirating." Though it may be conve-



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four days of golf on
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nient for TIME to paint MP3.com with the piracy brush, it is irresponsible to describe our website as a pirate portal. We have made a conscious, aggressive effort to allow only legal music content on our website. In fact, that is a major component of our business model. Our site provides valuable services for 5,500 artists and has only a negligible number of links to unauthorized content.

DOUG REECE, SENIOR EDITOR
MP3.com
San Diego

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TIME

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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“What I hope is that she will be permitted to go on with her life, and I hope it'll be a good life.”

BILL CLINTON,
attempting closure following
the Monica Lewinsky
interview

“I knew that I was never going to talk about this publicly.”

MONICA LEWINSKY,
object of national curiosity,
talking about her affair with
the President, publicly,
on prime-time TV

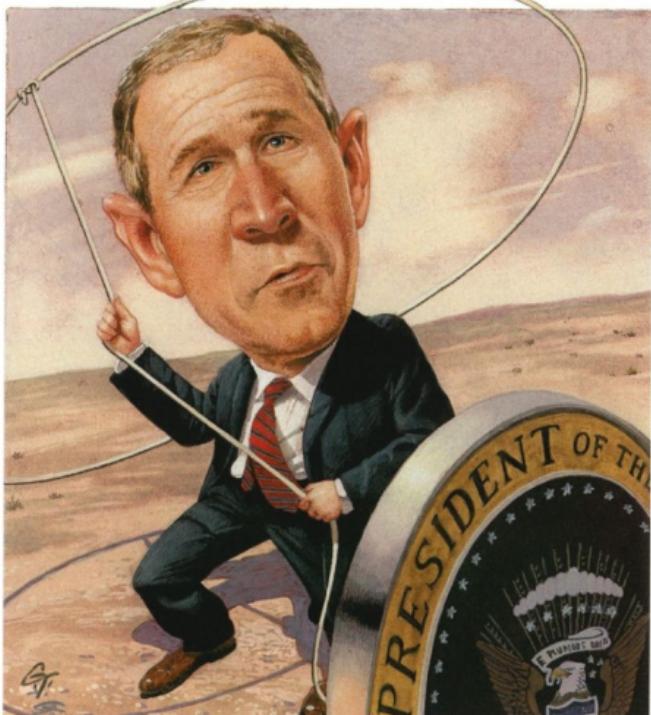
“You already have zero privacy—get over it.”

SCOTT MCNEALY,
chairman and CEO of Sun
Microsystems, at the launch
of Jini, software that some
fear will lead to a loss of
privacy on the Web

“I didn't watch the movie, I watched the Pope, because I couldn't believe it was the real Pope. My mother still doesn't believe.”

ROBERTO BENIGNI,
director, star and writer of
Life Is Beautiful, about a
screening of the Pope requested

Sources: Clinton, AP; Lewinsky, Daily News; McNealy, New York Times; Benigni, ABC's Good Morning America



GIDDYAP, GOVERNOR! In a move that thrilled beleaguered Republicans, Texas Governor George W. Bush said he is forming an exploratory campaign committee, cementing his status as a front runner for the 2000 horse race

WINNERS & LOSERS



BOB DOLE
Viagra's poster boy for senescent
hanky-panky is sent to Kosovo to
help make, er, peace not war

WILLIAMS SISTERS
Serena and Venus, first sisters to
win pro tennis tournaments the
same day. Move over, McEnroes

SPIDER-MAN
Disentangled from legal snarl,
he'll finally get his own movie.
Buy cobweb futures now!

LINDA TRIPP
Given new job by Pentagon, but
this time she has to show up to get
paid. New colleagues seem wary ...

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Turned down Clinton's expired
card in a bookstore. Do charge
cards have a morality clause?

NEW YORKERS
Study shows they're more
likely to have heart attacks. No
wonder they're so uptight



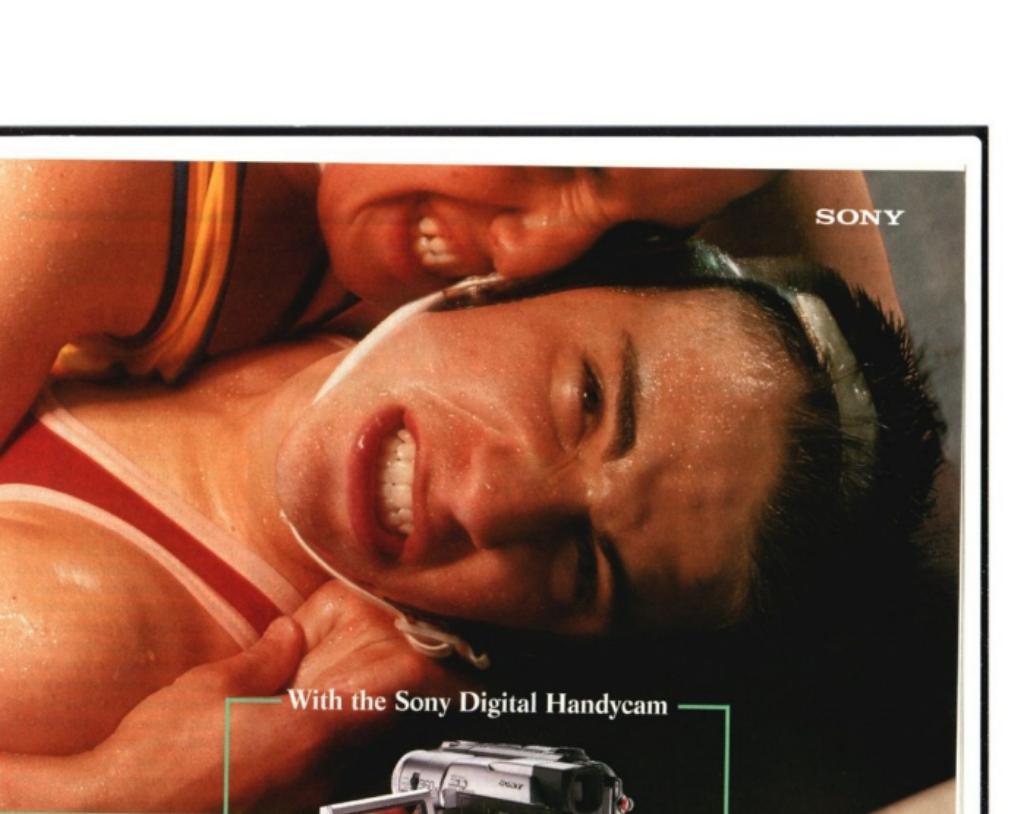
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NOTEBOOK

ESPIONAGE

More Chinese Fireworks

THE CHARGES ARE ALARMING: by way of an unnamed Chinese-American scientist working at the Los Alamos National Laboratory, in the mid-1980s, China stole sophisticated nuclear weapons know-how to replicate America's W-88 warhead, a miracle of miniaturized firepower. Last week the *New York Times*, elaborating on a January story in the *Wall Street Journal*, reported the security breach was being soft-pedaled by an Administration intent on warming to China. "We know the Chinese, through espionage, got information about the W-88 from Los Alamos," a White House official told *TIME*. "But we still don't know—although we are trying to figure out—just how much of an intelligence bonanza this was."

The political blow-back of such news could cripple this year's plans for 12 high-level exchange visits between the Pentagon and the People's Liberation Army, including a proposed visit to China by the Marine commandant. Critics point out that China could well use Marine exper-



NOT THAT TYPE OF CASTING CALL More than surf-fish-ent anglers—2,200, in fact—showed up on the banks of Bennett Spring on opening day of trout season in Lebanon, Mo. Catch of the day? A cold.

MILITARY AFFAIRS

U.S. Army Is Fatigued by Love

THE ARMY, UNDER PRESSURE TO make its fraternization policy march in lockstep with those of its sister services, last week gave its uniformed lovers a year to break up or get married. The Army has been the only service that allowed relationships between officers and enlisted people, so long as the pair were not in the same chain of command.

As the military increasingly deploys in joint operations—those involving personnel from more than one service—the disparity between the Army's liberal fraternization policy and those of other branches has begun to cause friction within the ranks.

So last Tuesday, Army headquarters sent out a message declaring that "dating, shared living accommodations, and intimate or sexual

relationships" between officers and enlisted personnel must end by March 1, 2000. The only way to keep such alliances going beyond that date, the new policy commands, is to get married by then. A sort of shotgun wedding, with a bayonet.

—M.T.



Fighters, not Lovers



A Great Leap Forward?

time, say, in taking the beaches of Taiwan.

In Beijing, U.S. watchers believe the spy charges augur more humiliations from the anti-China lobby. They await the source of much of the current news, the as yet classified report on Chinese espionage assembled last year by a panel headed by Representative Christopher Cox. When is the release expected? Right before the U.S. visit later this month of China's Premier. —By Jaime A. FlorCruz/
Beijing and Mark Thompson/Washington

THE DRAWING BOARD



URBANO DEL VALLE FOR TIME

JOEL STEIN

Blessed Is the Purell in Hand

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I SAW PURELL INSTANT HAND-wash. It was on the subway, and a woman who must have been a model removed a bottle from her purse. She raised it high and squirted a long stream down onto her cupped hands, which she rubbed together like she was starting some crazy, germ-killing fire. It was just like in the movies, except this movie was made by a neurotic Jewish guy like me. Like movies are.

Until that moment, I had never been particularly germophobic, mostly because that would require cleaning my apartment. But once I found out about these easy-to-use antibacterial products (soap, Purell, body lotion, sponge, detergent, telephone swabs), I became obsessed. It reached its climax last month when I heard about the Killer Germ. The germ, a new strain of *Staphylococcus aureus* bacteria immune to antibiotics, had killed a middle-aged woman in Hong Kong. Normally, I wouldn't be afraid of *Staphylococcus aureus* bacteria because I don't know what it is. But Killer Germ I understood.

In fact, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I was scared. I was frightened. I was a master of synonyms. Panicked, I called comedian Howie Mandel. Of all the germophobes I'd heard about, Mandel seemed the most grounded. He'd had a guesthouse built so he can live there when his kids get sick. He spent much of the 1980s putting surgical gloves over his head and blowing them up with his nose as part of his act—probably just so he could write off his huge purchases of surgical gloves. And perhaps strangest of all, he refused to kiss Carmen Electra when she was on his talk show. He says it was because



she was recovering from a cold. But I think it was because she sleeps with Dennis Rodman.

Before we met, Mandel kept me on hold for 20 seconds while he Lysoled his phone. He had not heard of the Killer Germ. "Are you calling to ruin my life?" he yelled. Then he explained how his precautions were actually logical responses to real risks. I found myself agreeing with him until I noticed the amount of times he used the phrase mucous membrane.

But it turns out the Killer Germ is not the result of lazy hygiene but the result of people needlessly taking antibiotics to



fight off head colds, thus somehow causing the germs they already have to mutate into crazed killers. I've been told by a doctor friend that antibacterial products do the same thing. Worse, they don't keep you from getting sick, because colds and flu are caused by viruses, not bacteria. Before I could even ask, my friend told

me there was no antiviral hand soap.

The Killer Germ is a Frankenstein's monster built from our collective neuroses. To fight this new battle, I now think that everyone, even exhibitionist models with a knack for sensuous hand gestures, should abandon their Purell. Except me. I haven't been waging the germ war because I'm afraid of getting sick. I like being sick. It means I get to stay home and watch that little yodeling mountain climber on *The Price Is Right*. No, I'm waging my own secret, illogical germ warfare because that way, when the end comes and it's just me and Mandel against the Killer Germ, he'll have to have me as a guest on his syndicated talk show. ■

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(MONICA-) FREE PRESS

Even after the Senate acquitted her paramour, the media has remained stuck on Monica. But on March 1, for the first time since the impeachment trial began, the *New York Times* had no mention of the name Lewinsky. *Washington Post* and *Los Angeles Times* readers have not yet been so lucky. And she was back in the *Times* the next day.

New York Times



ST. ELSEWHERE

ESCALATOR TO HEAVEN

Mother Teresa died only in 1997, yet already the Vatican has put her on the fast track to sainthood. That is not unusual for John Paul II, who has recognized more saints than any other Pope since the Vatican started keeping records in 1588. Here are five top candidates:



ANTONIO MARINI/AG

POPE	BEATIFIED	CANONIZED
JOHN PAUL II, 1978-	819	280
Pius XI, 1922-39	380	34
Pius IX, 1846-78	210	52
Pius XII, 1939-58	148	33
Leo XIII, 1878-1903	102	18

2 Few Area Codes Could Mean Good Luck 4 You

REA CODES ARE BEING ADDED TO CITIES at the rate of more than one a month. We asked celebrity numerologist **Glynis McCants**, a 562, to give us the 411 on the new numbers.

- **Area Affected:** Manhattan
- **Pre-existing Area Code:** 212
- **New Code:** 646
- "212 and the letters in 'Manhattan, New York' are compatible. They are both high-energy movers and shakers. 646 is more laid back. I can guarantee that there is trouble with the new area code."



- **Area Affected:** Eastern Texas
- **Pre-existing Area Code:** 512
- **New Code:** 361
- "512 is all about Big Business and money; 361 is all about ambition, drive, achieving. In 1999, 361 is better."

- **Area Affected:** Chicago suburbs
- **Pre-existing Area Code:** 847
- **New Code:** 224
- "You can bet Chicago is upset about this one. 847 strives to be No. 1. 224 learns the hard way, so they can be victims. I would try to get 847."

- **Area Affected:** Palestinian Authority
- **Pre-existing Area Code:** 972
- **New Code:** 970
- "972 is about leadership. 970 is about faith and God. Israel will always have more power, but 970 has religion."



60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM

FAMILY ISSUES Both the new movie *Analyze This* and the hit HBO show *The Sopranos* feature a stressed-out mobster seeking help from a therapist. A few years back, *Grosse Pointe Blank* touched on the same theme. We asked some high-profile shrinks if they would take on a patient who's in the "family."



Dr. Joyce Brothers, psychologist and advice columnist
I don't think I would, because of the problem of confidentiality. A patient is given confidentiality, but there are exceptions. If there is a crime planned ... there's an obligation to tell the authorities. Under these circumstances, I don't think I could guarantee confidentiality and be helpful.

GERALDINE FERGUSON/OUTLINE



Dr. Rodrigo Muñoz, president of the American Psychiatric Association
Yes, of course. I won't reject any person who has a bona fide psychiatric disorder. I would not help him be a better mobster. My concern would be about his symptoms and the consequences of his symptoms for him and his family and the community.



Dr. Robert R. Butterworth, former resident psychologist of the *Jerry Springer Show*
The problem with me is ... that it's not difficult to find out where I live. I'd be nervous. If somebody comes to me and they say they've killed somebody, legally I don't have to do anything. If this guy comes in and says he wants to kill other people, I have to warn that other person.

TAKE CLEAR CONTROL. TAKE CLARITIN®.

What I can't control:

How quickly dandelions grow

Soccer practices, dance classes, and PTA meetings

What the kids eat at school

The seasons

What I can control:

The patches of purple and yellow

How I spend my free time

What the kids eat at home

- My itchy, watery eyes; sneezing;
and runny nose



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10mg (loratadine)

Long-lasting, nondrowsy relief of seasonal allergy symptoms

Talk to your doctor about once-a-day, nondrowsy CLARITIN®—for people ages 6 and up. One CLARITIN Tablet relieves your seasonal allergy symptoms all day without making you sleepy. CLARITIN® is safe to take as prescribed: one tablet daily. At the recommended dose, CLARITIN® is nondrowsy. **The most common side effects** occurred about as often as they did with a sugar pill, including headache, drowsiness, fatigue, and dry mouth. Call 1-888-833-0003 for more information and a \$5.00 rebate certificate. Or visit www.claritin.com Please see next page for additional important information. **Available by prescription only.**

Sherry/KMV
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CLARITIN®

brand of loratadine

TABLETS, SYRUP, and RAPIDLY-DISINTEGRATING TABLETS

BRIEF SUMMARY (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: CLARITIN is indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of age or older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Patients with liver impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day). (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Special Population, 3.)

Drug Interactions: Loratadine (10 mg daily) has been coadministered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies in adult volunteers. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of loratadine and/or desmethylloxytoleradine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers ($n = 24$ in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine. No adverse events were reported by coadministrating loratadine, cimetidine, ketoconazole, or erythromycin, respectively, clinical laboratory test vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT, intervals, and no reports of sedation or drowsiness. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of Loratadine and Desmethylloxytoleradine After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers

Loratadine Desmethylloxytoleradine

	Loratadine	Desmethylloxytoleradine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+40%	+46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+103%	+4%
Ketoconazole (200 mg Q12h)	+307%	+73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data indicated that the exposure of mice given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.6 (relative to human 18 (desmethylloxytoleradine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (desmethylloxytoleradine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in the 25 mg/kg group than in the 12.5 mg/kg and 2.5 mg/kg groups. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is not known.

In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT assay), or in the assay for DNA damage (rat primary hepatocyte unscheduled DNA assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenesis assay and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse micronucleus assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the assay.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis).

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of teratogenicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg (approximately 75 times and 150 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, desmethylloxytoleradine, pass easily into breast milk and achieves concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC_{0-24h}/AUC_{0-24h} ratio of 1.17 and 0.48 for loratadine and desmethylloxytoleradine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and desmethylloxytoleradine was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother.

Pediatric Use: The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 188 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN in the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on an extrapolation of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions and the likelihood that the dose-response curve, pharmacokinetics, and the side effect profile of CLARITIN in children will be similar to that of adults. The safety of CLARITIN in children is based on cross-study comparison of the pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in adults and pediatric subjects and on the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets: Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older, received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials showed a mean daily dose of 10 mg once a day varied from 2 weeks to 6 months duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1926	PLACEBO n = 2545	CLEMASTINE 1 mg BID n = 536	TERPENADINE 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	11	8
Somnolence	8	6	22
Fatigue	4	3	10
Dry Mouth	3	2	2
			3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were similar to those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets): Approximately 500 patients received CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical trials of 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those seen with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not result in an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

CLARITIN Syrup: Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age received 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these, 185 children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adverse events in these trials were similar in type and frequency to those seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuance due to adverse events among pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF $\geq 2\%$ IN CLARITIN SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS (6-12 YEARS OLD) IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS, AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 186	PLACEBO n = 262	CHLOROPHENIRAMINE 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	4	2
Wheezing	4	2
Excessive Salivation	3	5
Hypotension	3	1
Abdominal Pain	2	0
Convulsions	2	<1
Dysphonia	2	0
Malaise	2	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	<1
		0

In addition to those adverse events reported above ($\geq 2\%$), the following adverse events have been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

Autonomic Nervous System: Altered lacrimation, altered salivation, flushing, hypoesthesia, impotence, increased sweating, thirst.

Body As A Whole: Angioneurotic edema, asthenia, back pain, blurred vision, chest pain, earache, eye pain, fever, leg cramps, malaise, rigor, tinnitus, viral infection, weight gain.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension, hypotension, palpitations, supraventricular tachyarrhythmia, syncope, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Bilepharospasm, dizziness, dysphonia, hypertonnia, migraine, paresthesia, tremor, vertigo.

Gastrointestinal System: Altered taste, anorexia, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatulence, gastritis, hiccup, increased appetite, nausea, stomatitis, toothache, vomiting.

Musculoskeletal System: Back pain, myalgia.

Neurological System: Aggression, amnesia, anxiety, confusion, decreased libido, depression, impaired concentration, insomnia, irritability, paranoid.

Reproductive System: Breast pain, dysmenorrhea, menorrhagia, vaginitis.

Respiratory System: Bronchitis, bronchospasm, coughing, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemoptysis, laryngitis, nasal dryness, pharyngitis, sinusitis, sneezing.

Specialty Appendages: Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, photosensitivity reaction, pruritus, purpura, rash.

Urinary System: Altered micturition, urinary discoloration, urinary incontinence, urinary retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; alopeia; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

OVERDOSE: In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with doses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Extraypnoid respiratory depression, bradycardia, and hypotension have been reported with doses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syrup. In the event of overdose, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdose would reasonably consist of emesis (syrup only), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline enemas may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. If it is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 1200 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis.

Schering

Schering Corporation
Kenilworth, NJ 07033 USA

Rev. 3/98

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CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) are manufactured for Schering Corporation by Schering DDS, England.

U.S. Patent Nos. 4,282,233 and 4,371,516.

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EULOGIES

He was a St. Paul boy from the East Side, the rough side, who got scholarship to Harvard, came back to Minnesota to practice law and landed on the Supreme Court at 61, an age when a man thinks about cutting back. He was a conservative who defended civil liberties and championed the poor and oppressed and authored *Roe v. Wade*, which made abortion legal, for which he received reams of hate mail, much of which he read. He was a man possessed of integrity and kindness. Every day after lunch, **JUSTICE HARRY BLACKMUN** took a walk to clear his head. He went out alone, in his navy blue cardigan frayed at the sleeves and his old blue overcoat, walked around the block and, coming back to the Court, stopped to listen to the picketers who gathered daily to protest abortion, some carrying signs that accused him of mass murder. He had respect and compassion for them. They never noticed him, the small lean

bespectacled man with gray hair; his humility shielded him. Then he walked up the steps under the EQUAL

JUSTICE UNDER LAW inscription, went in to his office and resumed reading the law, which was his work.

—By Garrison Keillor

I met **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD** in 1963 on the BBC TV show *Top of the Pops*, when I was promoting *It's My Party*. Her talent was obvious the moment she opened her mouth—a sound so unique that she could take someone else's song and make it her own. She sang live with the band and sounded totally awesome. I lip-synched and felt somewhat foolish.

Our paths crossed again in Los Angeles in the '70s. We both enjoyed watching women's tennis and developed quite a friendship. She was very bright, with a great sense of humor. When she recorded a song I wrote, *Love Me by Name*, Dusty knew exactly what she wanted. She handpicked the musicians and worked with the arranger for weeks. When she went into the vocal booth, put on the headset and closed her eyes, she reached down into the depths of her soul and made magic. As Dusty is wailing and

the record is fading she ad-libs two little words: "sweet baby." She reserved this phrase for songs she most loved. It was the Springfield seal of approval.

It's sad that she should pass just before she was to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. But she'll be there, I'm sure, so the rhythm section had better be tight.

—By Lesley Gore



LONDON FEATURES LTD.

UPDATE

SPIES WILL BE SPIES UNSCOM's shroud of respectability was further shredded last week when the *Washington Post* reported that U.S. spies used the U.N. Special Commission arms-inspection agency as cover for Washington's solo espionage efforts. For three years, U.S. intelligence operatives tapped into Iraqi military communications without the knowledge of UNSCOM, the international team of arms controllers dedicated to hunting down and eliminating weapons that Iraq had pledged to destroy following its defeat in the Gulf War.

Two months ago—after revelations that U.S. spies had helped UNSCOM, with its assent—the U.S. government issued a statement



ROB HAMER/WHITE HOUSE/AP

declaring that its help "was specifically tailored to facilitate UNSCOM, the U.N. inspectors' mission, and for no other purpose, and was done at the direct request of the U.N. special commission."

Tellingly, there was no such explicit statement forthcoming from the White House last week. "We have our own national means of gathering information," White House spokesman David Leavy said. "I'm just not going to get into the details of our intelligence operation." U.S. officials acknowledge that nonanswers like that will make it tougher to get the world community to sign up for such multilateral arms-control regimes in the future.

—By Mark Thompson

By Harriet Barwick, Daniel S. Levy, Lina Lofaro, Michele Orecklin, David Spitz, Flora Tartakovsky and Chris Taylor

NUMBERS



48 Percentage of all TV-watching households in America that were tuned to the Barbara Walters interview with Monica Lewinsky last Wednesday

38 Percentage of TV households that watched Bill and Hillary Clinton's famous post-Super Bowl interview on *60 Minutes* in 1992

\$800,000 Lewinsky's share of the publisher's advance for *Monica's Story* by author Andrew Morton

\$800,000 ABC's asking price for a single 30-second commercial during the Barbara Walters interview

\$2 million Latest estimate of Lewinsky's legal bills

288 vs. 167 Pages in *Monica's Story* vs. *Diana: Her True Story*



1 Mention of Diana's eating disorder listed in the index of *Her True Story*

9 Mentions of Lewinsky's weight listed in the index of *Monica's Story*

1 Mention of her wit

Sources: Nielsen Media Research, AP, Advertising Age, St. Martin's Press, Simon & Schuster

MONICA UP CLOSE

In an exclusive interview, Lewinsky regrets what the past year has done to the country, but regrets even more what it has done to her

By MICHAEL DUFFY NEW YORK



"YOO-HOO!" MONICA LEWINSKY SWEEPS INTO HER stepfather's penthouse apartment for her first American print interview since the scandal began. Removing the hat and sunglasses she wears by way of disguise, she complains of a cold and jet lag (the night before, she signed the first copy of *Monica's Story*, her tell-almost-all book, in midair while flying from Los Angeles to New York City). As Monica huddles for a moment with her team of media and legal advisers, her mother Marcia Lewis brings in coffee and shows two visitors around the tidy 34th-floor apartment, with its panoramic views of

Manhattan and Central Park. "It sounds corny," says Lewis, "but it's peaceful up here. We're above the fray."

Monica has been doing her part to keep the fray going. She exploded back onto the scene last week to promote her book, the saga of an insecure and overweight child of a broken Beverly Hills home whose need for love and attention led her to seduce a President. In her two-hour appearance on ABC, she came off as sad and, she admits, often silly ("I smiled too much ... I was a little too candid"), a woman-child who couldn't keep quiet during or after her affair with Bill Clinton. Speaking to TIME, she was even tougher and more unbowed. She says she knows what she did was wrong and that most Americans would like her to be more contrite. But she insists that her feelings of remorse are no better than mixed. "I'm not going to pretend that it was always about something bigger than me," she says. "Because for me, it wasn't."

Even after a year of therapy and a lifetime of tears, there are plenty of colors Monica still can't see. Her affair with Clinton did not interfere with official business because they were "together mostly on the weekends." Even her lack of discretion is a relative thing. "For me, only telling 10 people was being pretty dis-





NATION

TIME: *He tried to stop it. Did you ever try to stop it?*

Lewinsky: No.

TIME: *Apart from the sex, what was the bond?*

Lewinsky: I think it was a bond that in some ways can't be explained. I don't know how to explain it, except that I was instantly comfortable with him. There was something familiar about him to me. I think it's amazing when someone will come into your life and you have a special connection with them. I know he had remarked to me that we both had fire in our belly. And to me that's passionate. And passion has its good side, and passion has its bad side. And I think that we're both extroverted but at the same time harbor a very sad side that we keep very private.

He has an amazing ability to just read someone. And he said to me, "You walk around and you're always smiling and so bubbly, and there's so much sadness and pain behind those eyes." I think he saw in me some reflections of himself. Not 100%. Clearly not as brilliant as he is.

TIME: *What do you think his sadness is?*

Lewinsky: I think he has a hard time being fulfilled. And I think that comes from being needy. And maybe everybody should take my comments on this as a reflection of myself too. I think he is a very, very sensual man, and I think with his upbringing, his religious background, he doesn't know what to do with it. He doesn't know where to place it and how to be appropriate.

I think he has a desire to please everybody, and he is also an ostrich, in that he avoids confrontation at all costs. He will tell you what you want to hear to avoid confrontation. If he had just said to me [when I was at the Pentagon in 1996 and 1997], "I thought I could bring you back [to the White House], but I can't. I was wrong. Can we work out another way? I want to make you happy." Instead of stringing me along. It would have changed things a lot.

TIME: *You said you sometimes hate Clinton's guts. Why?*

Lewinsky: I don't think I deserved from him the way he characterized this relationship. The way he allowed, if not orchestrated, the White House to say all those things about me. He said himself in his deposition that I was a good person. And I—see him as a politician. All about "me." All about "me."

TIME: *Did he really want to get back together with you in 1997?*

Lewinsky: I don't know. I don't think so.

TIME: *He teared up that time when you complained that your relationship seemed to be just about sex. Do you trust those tears now?*

Lewinsky: No. It's very hard for me, and even in talking about everything that's happened, it's hard for me to square my thoughts, because I see him as such an opposite of what I used to see him. There's only one person who can answer that, and I don't think we'd ever get the truth on that.



TIME: *If you had to do it all over again, would you have destroyed the dress?*

Lewinsky: No. I mean ... I never would have got to that point.

TIME: *But if you had destroyed the dress, do you have any idea what the White House would have done to you? And would you have wanted the story to end that way?*

Lewinsky: I'd still be standing. I think people forget what was said and written about me already. I mean, go back to last January and February and March and what was said about my family, the lies, the disgusting, horrible things that people said on TV. If I could make it through that, I can make it through anything.

TIME: *Do you believe Juanita Broaddrick?*

Lewinsky: What is hard for me to understand with this story is that I think ... the word rape has a very different meaning and connotation today than it did 20 years ago. Twenty years ago, women were not apt to say no. And I'm not saying that means she asked for it. It sounds like it was an unpleasant experience for her.

And I feel differently about her than I do about what Paula Jones has said. I feel bad for everybody, that this topic, that these kinds of things are being discussed and aired.

TIME: *Do you feel partly responsible for that?*

Lewinsky: I know people do [hold me responsible]. Whether I agree with them or not is another matter.

TIME: *Do you still think that oral sex isn't sex?*

Lewinsky: Uh-hum [yes].

TIME: *Do you think it wasn't a sexual relationship?*

Lewinsky: This is hard for me to answer. In a very ... in a confined, in a strict definition, in a hard definition, no, it wasn't. In casual conversation, yes, it was.

TIME: *Did the President ever use the term sexual relationship with you before you filed the false affidavit in the Jones case?*

Lewinsky: We didn't discuss the writing of the affidavit.

TIME: *Did Vernon Jordan ever suggest using the term sexual relationship as you prepared your affidavit?*

Lewinsky: I don't remember the exact words that he used when he asked me those two questions [about my relationship with the President]. So is it possible he did? Yes, but it may have come up somewhere from my subpoena. Maybe it was standard [language provided by my attorney Frank Carter]. I don't know the legal issues surrounding that.

TIME: *Do you now think the President and Vernon Jordan were working in December to find you a job to buy your silence?*

Lewinsky: I don't think so. I think in order for someone to want to buy your silence, they'd have to be worried you're not going to be silent, and I didn't feel like I had ever done anything or given anybody any reason to think I was going to change how I had been for the past two years.

TIME: *You had this job hunt going, and you were banging pretty hard on Betty Currie's door. You don't think the President could have come to the conclusion that he had to keep you happy and move you out of town?*

Lewinsky: I don't know. I really think that wasn't the impression I had at the time, and I think that's something that he has to answer. I can't characterize that.



TIME: *So the heart of the obstruction case against the President was, in the end, a big coincidence?*

Lewinsky: Whether there was a connection there or not ... I wasn't privy to those conversations. Those are the conversations between Mr. Jordan and the President.

TIME: *Was it your idea to retrieve the gifts?*

Lewinsky: Yes, definitely. I was the one who brought it up, who broached the subject. I want everything back. It's my stuff.



TIME: Has the President or anyone around him tried to make contact with you or anyone around you?

Lewinsky: No, not that I'm aware of.

TIME: Do you hope someday he will?

Lewinsky: I don't know. Right now, I don't really have any desire to talk to him. I don't know where I'm going to end up and what my life is going to be. Maybe I'll feel different in 20 years, but maybe I won't.

TIME: You're probably the most famous woman in the world right now.

Lewinsky: Unfortunately.

TIME: What is that like to wake up with?

Lewinsky: I don't think people can imagine what it feels like to have nightmares and in your dreams—or your nightmare—you've left a house without a hat ...

TIME: Some people dream about being naked, and you dream about being ...?

Lewinsky: Without my hat. Without sunglasses, without some sort of protection. It's having to plan not only where I'm going [but] when I'm going, with whom I'm going. Who will be there? How close can I get my car to where I'm going? Can I get a taxi easily?

TIME: You signed your first book yesterday. What was that like?

Lewinsky: I felt cuckoo.

TIME: What do you mean when you say cuckoo?

Lewinsky: I kind of think of a sort of cuckoo clock and—I don't know why this image [comes to mind]—a sort of a duck that comes down at 12 noon whose head spins around and sticks its tongue in and out and flails its arms.

TIME: A maniacal person?

Lewinsky: Right. This whole situation is sort of maniacal.

TIME: What steps are you taking to put your life back together?

Lewinsky: I think probably the biggest step that I am taking is trying to work on myself in therapy. It's hard. It's painful.

TIME: You have been praying from time to time?

Lewinsky: I think, for me, my definition of praying might be a little different. I think, for me, in some ways therapy is sort of praying. It's like what you learn in therapy and what you walk away with. You kind of think to yourself, oh, I really hope that I can learn to assimilate. But I'm not very religious.

TIME: Do you feel you have a debt to repay, some good works to do?

Lewinsky: Yes and no. I would love to be able to be in a position to make a positive contribution to society. I think that people

that they have the *Daily News* and the *New York Post*. The paparazzi here come out of the gutter, and you never know when.

TIME: How about law school? Is that something you've thought about? Or just another bad rumor?

Lewinsky: No. It's a possibility. I think if I could get into law school without having to take the LSAT, that would make it different. The idea of having to sit down and prepare for a standardized test and then worry about whether my scores will be leaked to the world is a little daunting to me.

TIME: Will it be hard to have a real relationship for a while?

Lewinsky: Yes, unfortunately. It's going to take a very special, very strong person to step up to the plate, and I don't know if the things that I want in a man and in a relationship could be balanced by someone who could do that. But I hope so.

TIME: Are you going the celebrity route: *Monica Inc.*?

Lewinsky: No. I think that if I can use my name to do something that would help people and make a contribution, I'd love to work with kids. I love kids. I have more fun with kids sometimes than I do with adults. I'm only human. There are some things that I'm going to do because it's fun. And people can criticize me. They criticize me anyway ... I don't consider [myself] a celebrity, because I think that the root of the

word is celebrated: someone society should celebrate, and while I haven't given autographs, people have asked, which is so bizarre to me. I don't feel that I should be honored for what I'm known for.

TIME: Are you worried about falling apart when all this attention dies down?

Lewinsky: Oh, God, I'm going to be criticized for saying this. I want my book to do well. I would like my version to be out there. But I hope that this stops.

I think it's going to take some time for everything to simmer down. And we'll see what happens. But I have to see to my financial situation too. I'm not trying to set myself for life. But I need to have the means to take care of myself for the next few years. Therapy is not cheap.



people who do volunteer work know that there is no better remedy for healing, for the soul, than helping other people. I was able to do some work this past year too while this was going on, and it was so nourishing to the soul. It really helped me through this.

TIME: Can you tell us what that is?

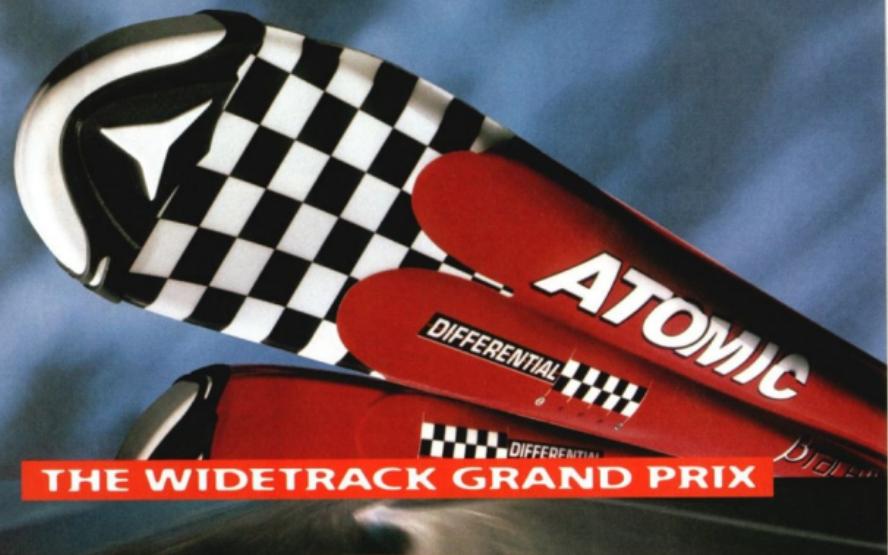
Lewinsky: I'd rather keep it private.

TIME: Is it easier to be anonymous in New York City than it is in Los Angeles?

Lewinsky: No. The thing that's better about L.A. is that you have another layer of protection because everybody drives. It's scary when you get into a car chase with people, which happened to me last weekend.

But the thing about the East Coast is

Wider is Better.



Nice Carve.

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MONICA'S MAKEOVER

It's not just the hair and makeup. Monica's on a media blitz. Is it working? Has she changed?

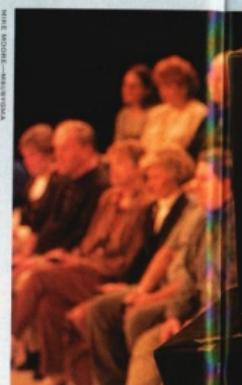
By JOHN CLOUD

*I have known the eyes already,
known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a
formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated,
sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and
wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends
of my days and ways?*

—From *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* by T.S. Eliot,
Monica Lewinsky's favorite poem

IF MONICA LEWINSKY HAD BEEN TO feel fixed and formulated by the eyes of the public, the prosecutors and the media, last week was her chance to change the formula. It was an elaborate affair, spanning continents and media formats, involving a small army of press flacks and a red river of Club Monaco lipstick. Memorialized by a sympathetic biographer, humanized by Barbara Walters and glorified by an upcoming European tour, Monica was reborn in warm pools of soft publicity.

We have never seen her smile so much, and there were times when it was hard not to break into a grin to match hers. The harsh flashbulbs seemed far away. In fact, ABC built a special set for the Walters interview, with lighting that mimicked a golden, late-afternoon glow. A British magazine ran a photo of Lewinsky knitting, another of her pattering in the kitchen. She lounges on a bed decorated with roses (an image reinforced by Andrew Morton's book, whose very first revelation is that "this girl likes roses a lot"). The publicity encourages us to see her not as a home wrecker but a homemaker, someone who's smart but fun, "sensual" instead of sex-driven, a '90s woman who can write talking points by day and go home



to make her boyfriend a sweater at night.

But did Monica's makeover take? After hours of interviews and nearly 300 pages from Princess Diana's own scribe, have we learned to love her—or even like her? It seems not. A TIME/CNN poll taken the day after her Walters appearance found that 72% of those interviewed still have a generally unfavorable impression of her, down just slightly from a high of 78% in September, shortly after the unflattering Starr report was released. Only 15% of us think well of her.

Maybe the problem is that Americans would like less of Monica, not more. When the presidency was in crisis, when Kenneth Starr seemed in danger of undoing the election and the Clinton marriage, there was at least a reason for us to pay attention to Monica. Last week there was none. All that remained was what Monica calls romance and the rest of us know as gossip. Even with all its lusty detail, its hilariously unnecessary cigars and Altoids and thongs, the Starr report, when it appeared, had consequences. *Monica's Story*, which exists because of the theory that what we want is yet more embroidery of these stories, has none.



But perhaps the theory is right. Some 70 million Americans, after all, watched Lewinsky on 20/20. (ABC called it the most watched "news" show ever, though it didn't beat Oprah's prime-time tête-à-tête with Michael Jackson, which the network somehow doesn't count as news in a world in which Monica does.) At least in its first days, the book was making the splash its publishers paid for. It seems we do in fact want to see more of Lewinsky, even if seeing her makes us feel a little dirty. Even the world's most expensive p.r. couldn't keep Monica from being Monica. Her lack of self-awareness—and what

OVER



PHOTO: AP/WIDEWORLD

things like that to avoid saying no, to avoid cutting her off, to avoid acting his age. Nor was Lewinsky acting hers. They behaved as teenagers do, with late-night calls that included such endearments as "I love you, Butt-head" (from Monica to Bill). If there was any doubt that Clinton treated this lovesick young woman badly, it is erased by one paragraph in the Morton book: "He spoke to her again about ending the affair, this time saying that he didn't want to harm her. You have been hurt so much by so many men. I don't want to hurt you like all the other men in your life have," he told her, sentiments that suggest he was sensitive to her emotional vulnerability. Yet as the conversation continued, they ended up having phone sex, and he promised to call her again."

Full of high sentence,
but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed,
almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times,
the Fool.

—From *Prufrock*

Monica's Story is a lot like Monica's favorite coffee—a frothy concoction called a *skim latte*, with dashes of chocolate and cinnamon on top. Other publishers wanted her to be more contrite, to acknowledge more forthrightly that she shouldn't have had the affair. But Morton, who developed a chummy rapport with Lewinsky within a few minutes of meeting her last year, was happy to oblige her wish to make the central theme not contrition but invasion of privacy. When British publisher Michael O'Mara was shopping for a U.S. firm to buy the North American rights, he pitched Morton's book this way, according to publisher Judith Regan, who says she turned down the proposal: "Andrew Morton can say that she's the Princess Diana of America, but Monica can't say that about herself." St. Martin's Press, a middlebrow mass-market publisher based in New York City, said yes.

Hence Morton's Monica is human, but not too human; misguided at times but not flat-out wrong. Much is ascribed to her struggle with weight, a constant and sad trope of the book. We also hear about Clinton's weight problems and Linda Tripp's. At times it seems everyone here is acting out hostilities developed when they were mocked as unfortunately heavy children.

THE
INTERVIEW
Viewers in
Boston rate her
presentation



Morton calls, in one of several unsparing moments in *Monica's Story*, "a high sense of entitlement but a low sense of self-worth"—remains crushingly obvious, even after these 14 months of healing and, one had hoped, maturation. "I don't think that my relationship hurt the job he was doing," Lewinsky said in her most deluded moment on the Walters program. "It was between us." Democratic Senator Joseph Lieberman, who last summer so devastatingly crystallized the moral dimensions of Clinton's words, last week captured the amorality of Lewinsky's: "She was talking about having an affair with a married man who was also President in the same tone as one would talk about playing tennis or getting your hair done."

In fact, Lewinsky still seems thrilled by the memories of her affair—the "soft" kisses, the "full Bill Clinton" stares along rope lines. Hillary at his side. She still seems, tragically and ridiculously, in love with Bill Clinton. It was "sweet," she told Walters, that Clinton always told her she looked thin. No, he was a cad: he told her

TIME/CNN POLL

■ As a result of the interview on television, do you feel more sympathetic toward Monica Lewinsky?*

More sympathetic	23%
Less sympathetic	57%
No change	17%

■ Compared to what you thought before, is she more or less*

	More	Less
Foolish	70%	21%
Attractive	44%	35%
Lacking in self-esteem	43%	47%
Loyal to Clinton	42%	42%
Intelligent	42%	46%

■ Has she been treated fairly by

	Fairly	Unfairly
The media	46%	43%
Ken Starr	38%	45%
Bill Clinton	33%	53%
Linda Tripp	24%	57%

■ Do you think she meant her apology to Mrs. Clinton and Chelsea?

Meant	31%
Didn't mean	51%

■ Is she enjoying all the attention she is currently receiving?

Yes	74%
No	18%

■ Should there be an investigation of how Ken Starr initially questioned and sought to get evidence from her?

Yes	45%
No	48%

■ Which describes Ms. Lewinsky better?

A victim	11%
An opportunist	69%

From a telephone poll of 1,071 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on March 4 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Margin of error is ±3.0%. "Not sure" omitted.

*Asked of the 504 people who watched. Margin of error is ±4.5%.

THE LATEST MONICA DISH

Thought you knew all the best gossip? She serves up more



It was Lewinsky's sage-green J. Crew suit, not her navy-blue Gap dress, that was at the sartorial center of the scandal.

Clinton first noticed her in J. Crew.

Lewinsky always left the Oval Office with a diet Coke after her Clinton encounters, because "it looked a little more friendly and less sexual."

Monica reminded Clinton of his mother: "You're full of piss and vinegar, just like her."



And though Lewinsky complains about her treatment in the tabloids—her moniker "portly pepperpot" in the *New York Post*, and so on—Morton describes Tripp as "lumpy." He also tosses in this mortification: Tripp joined Weight Watchers at Lewinsky's urging—and lost just enough weight so that she could fit into big clothes from Monica's "fat closet." Finally, though, "Tripp's treachery" in betraying Lewinsky is laid out in devastating detail; it's ridiculous for Lewinsky to blame Tripp, as she did on the Walters show, for her inability to end her relationship with Clinton.

Lewinsky settles other old scores as well. She jabs Tori Spelling for not inviting her to a birthday party when the two were growing up in Beverly Hills. She offers the name of a childhood tormentor who tagged her "Big Mac." White House aide Evelyn Lieberman, who tried desperately to keep Clinton from seeing Lewinsky, comes off as a snob; in *Monica's Story*, Lieberman plays the role of the wicked mother in *Titanic*, the film of forbidden love that, predictably, Lewinsky bawled through and loved.

Working with Morton clearly hasn't



ALICE LINDNER/STYLING
The night after their first flirtation, Lewinsky studied up on how to seduce Clinton by reading Gennifer Flowers' autobiography.

Tripp told the grand jury that the real reason she was moved out of the White House was that Hillary was jealous because Bill found Tripp attractive.

Monica first realized she was in love just after her performance with the cigar.

Tripp sealed detailed notes on Bill and Monica's affair in an envelope, to be opened by her lawyer if she died.

Lawyer William Ginsburg, whose most famous line was that he kissed Lewinsky's "little pulses" (thighs) as a baby, never met her until her early 20s.



VALERIE HOY/WHITE

helped her put her life in perspective. Doubtless encouraged by him, she has compared herself to Diana and others: "I'd like to think I will live on in a book," she told Andrew Golden of the *London Daily Mirror*. "I like to be able to reach up on my bookshelf for one of Shakespeare's plays, and I would like to think that people will do that with this book."

*Would it have been worthwhile...
To say: "I am Lazarus,
come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all,
I shall tell you all."*

—From *Prufrock*

INSIDE LEWINSKY'S WORLD, AS CONCERNs shifted from legal worries to financial ones, from private pain to public rebirth, new players emerged in the struggle for control over her fate. Last spring the bumbling, lewd William Ginsburg, a California lawyer and one-time family friend, was replaced by smooth Washington attorneys Plato Cacheris and Jacob Stein. Now those two are receding as imagemakers take center stage. In fact,

even as Lewinsky is signing books at Harrod's and giving interviews to *Paris Match*, her handlers are bickering. Three factions have emerged inside Camp Monica: first, Cacheris and Stein want to safeguard their carefully crafted immunity deal (given that her book seems to lay out a tidy perjury and obstruction case against her, they're right to worry). The deal says Starr must approve her U.S. media interviews; he allowed Walters' and TIME's.

The second faction is the publishers and publicists, who want to sell the book. They seem more likely to stretch the limits of the immunity deal in exchange for the requisite publicity avalanche. And finally, there's the Lewinsky family, which wants payback—financial, yes, but perhaps moral as well. If *Monica's Story* seems too squishy for its first two-thirds, the book inspires genuine indignation when it delves into Starr's treatment of Monica and her mother. After the FBI and Starr's men corralled Monica in a hotel room—thanks to a Tripp sting operation—they made her feel she couldn't leave and shouldn't call a lawyer. Even after she spoke of suicide, the men were flashing handcuffs and saying, as one did, "Does it bother you that I have a gun on? Because I can put it in the other room." After the agents finally let her make a phone call to her mother, she says, one of them (the same fella who graciously offered to remove his gun) stood with his finger over the phone, ready to end the call if she said too much.

After this ordeal, which preceded a long media nightmare, the Lewinsky family wants to wake up with at least enough cash to pay off Monica's legal bills and those of her friends. Monica's alone are estimated at between \$1.5 million and \$2 million. She stands to make perhaps \$3 million from the book and a British-TV interview that will be sold to stations around the globe.

Recently the publicists for *Monica's Story* called the book "the essential document for closure," borrowing a psychotherapy term and suggesting that we're all about to get off Monica and Bill's couch, finally. Even Clinton got into the closure game. He insists he didn't watch the interview. At a news conference on Friday, he noted that Lewinsky had "paid quite a high price for a long time, and I feel badly for that." He wished her "a good life." Lewinsky, it seems, still has some work to do: "I just miss him so much right now," she told Morton in one of their later interviews. Pity she still can't see Bill Clinton the way most of the country does: as a good President but an awful man. She will perhaps need more time alone, and less in front of cameras, before she comes to grips with that.

—With reporting by Andrea Sachs/
New York and Karen Tumulty/Washington

■ PUBLIC EYE ■

Margaret Carlson

The Story Within the Story

Tucked inside Monica's book is a thinner, more important book—about Bill

MONICA'S STORY IS A COLLECTION OF REFRIGERATOR-magnet clichés strung together over 280 pages, until you want to scream if she says, "I love the little boy in him," one more time. Grab a few of her dippy observations at random—"I cried myself to sleep," "I saw him as a man, not as the President," "He promised me he would [fill in the blank]"—add bathos, and you have a typical paragraph. Repeat three times, and you have a page. Spritz with psychobabble and enough self-improvement rhetoric to fuel a Weight Watchers convention, and you have a "Book Event," a postmodern creation that has feelings but no thoughts. While examining her every emotion, Monica reports nothing about the White House other than the President's private study and bathroom. For all we know, she could have passed Tony Blair on her way out of the Oval Office but not told us because what she remembers is the awful blister she got from her high-heel sandals on the way home.

Fortunately, inside this too-thick book is a thin one: *Bill's Story*, which shows how these two were catastrophes waiting to self-destruct upon impact. Bill and Monica are equally immature, with bottomless needs, heedless narcissism and steamer trunks of emotional baggage, destined to fall into a carnal swoon hours after they met. That thong flash in the chief of staff's office, which certainly grabbed the President's attention, could have landed her in Secret Service leg irons, but to her it was just "one step further in their flirtation."

In Monica, Clinton may have seen his chance to return to his hotdogging Arkansas days, when, it's been said, a room and a prospect were often waiting in a downtown hotel. Here was someone relentless enough to penetrate the cocoon surrounding the most protected man on earth, someone who offered a postadolescent escape from the demands of his job and marriage. Monica fit the picture he carries around in his head of the perfect mistress: a piece of brain candy compared with the intellectually demanding Hillary, someone instantly available and experienced in juggling the special needs of a married man. With a rechargeable cell phone, no independent life and a willingness to harass Betty Currie endlessly, Monica could be dressed and over to the White House with the speed of a sound bite.

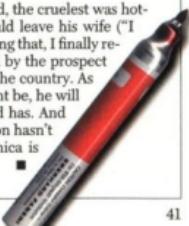
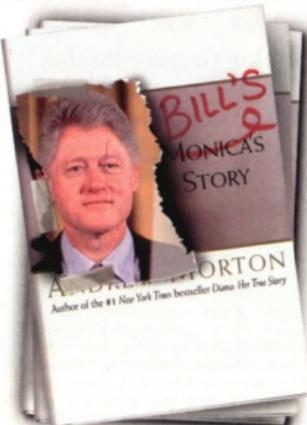
Her "little boy" must have been humming *Thank Heaven for Little Girls* over his good fortune. Who else but a morally indifferent ingenue would coo over his feeling sorry for himself because a soldier had died in Bosnia and would

let him use it as an excuse to violate his fidelity calendar: the record she said he kept of the days he didn't cheat on his wife, like an alcoholic crossing off days he stays off the sauce. One frightening claim in the book is that the President became "sexually aroused" by Monica's description of her own Bosnia visit as a Pentagon employee. Perhaps those bombs in Iraq were not dropped, as Clinton's critics charged, to cover up a sexual relationship but because of one. Our Monica, however, is a Bosnian Schmosnia, kind of girl. War is hell, but what about her needs? She hated it when those world crises cut into her quality time with the Commander in Chief. Luckily, Clinton knew that Monica's G spot was any version of "Gee, you're looking skinny today." They may not have Paris, roses and candlelight, but they will always have yo-yo dieting.

She conjures romance where there is none, turning the Starr report into *Message in a Bottle*. He was an "incredible, sensual kisser" with "adoring eyes." Where most women might see lust, she saw "soft touches," "strong hugs" and "tenderness." Unaware that true love stays for breakfast, she just longed for one more encounter in the john. At least their phone sex had afterplay. Like teenagers, they pratived for hours about the shared misery of their forlorn, chubby childhoods and how unique they were. Bill once told her, "People like us, we have fire in our bellies, and there are people who don't know how to react." Those other people would turn out to be everyone else on earth.

But, nevermind, they're no match for these self-indulgent kids. Frustrously, you root for the "Meanies" to stop the insanity, the way you silently scream at the imperiled heroine in a scary movie to call the police, but the Meanies are outmaneuvered by Clinton, who has pressured his loyal secretary into arranging assignations with, and then later walling off, his hysterical girlfriend. He even uses the death of Currie's brother in a traffic accident as a reason to call Monica. Monica, showing more conscience than the amoral adulterer, refused to use it herself.

Of all the awful things Clinton did, the cruelest was hotwiring Monica's fantasy that he would leave his wife ("I might be alone in three years"). Reading that, I finally realize why Hillary appears undaunted by the prospect of the most ferocious Senate race in the country. As ruthless as Mayor Rudy Giuliani might be, he will treat Hillary better than her husband has. And to those in Congress who think Clinton hasn't been punished, read this book. Monica is punishment enough. ■



LONE STAR RISING

George W. Bush is so far ahead in the race for the G.O.P. nomination, some call him a sure bet. While he decides whether to run, he's running hard

By JAMES CARNEY and
JOHN F. DICKERSON

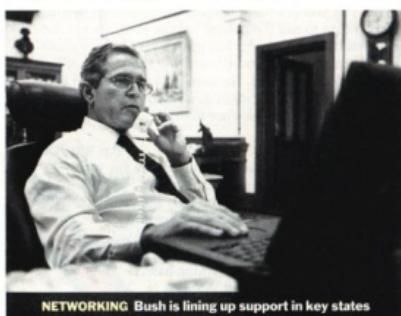
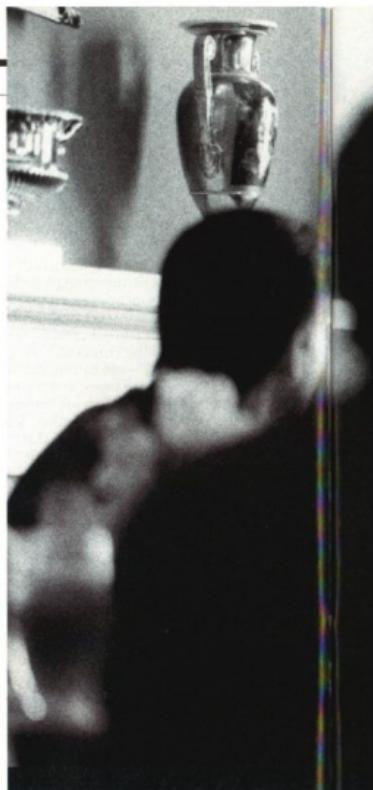
THE TALK, AT FIRST, WAS ALL ABOUT policy—Texas Governor George W. Bush holding forth in front of 10 Florida moneymen. But the visitors at this mid-January luncheon in the Governor's mansion in Austin hadn't come to discuss ways to improve education or reduce teen pregnancy. They were there to support a Bush campaign for President, and some were worried about his resolve. Recent news reports suggested the Governor might be having second thoughts about putting his wife Laura and their twin 17-year-old daughters through the media onslaught of a campaign. "We're ready to

work for you," said one of the donors, "but we're hearing your wife and daughters don't want you to run."

Bush smiled and leaned forward. "Let me tell y'all something," he drawled. "I love my wife. And I love my daughters. I would lie down and die for 'em. But they don't have a veto on this." Then he became even more blunt, handicapping his opponents for the Republican nomination, counting the ways in which he was stronger. Dan Quayle, he predicted, won't be able to raise enough money to compete. Neither would Elizabeth Dole, whose candidacy Bush called a relief because she drew some of the heat away from him. Steve Forbes and his bottomless checkbook worry Bush the most, but in the end, he concluded, Forbes isn't electable. At lunches like this one, staff members hand

departing visitors a long, favorable article on Al Gore. The message: Republicans have to pick a winner, someone with enough general-election appeal to beat the Vice President in 2000. Says a participant: "He wanted to leave the clear impression that he's running and he can win."

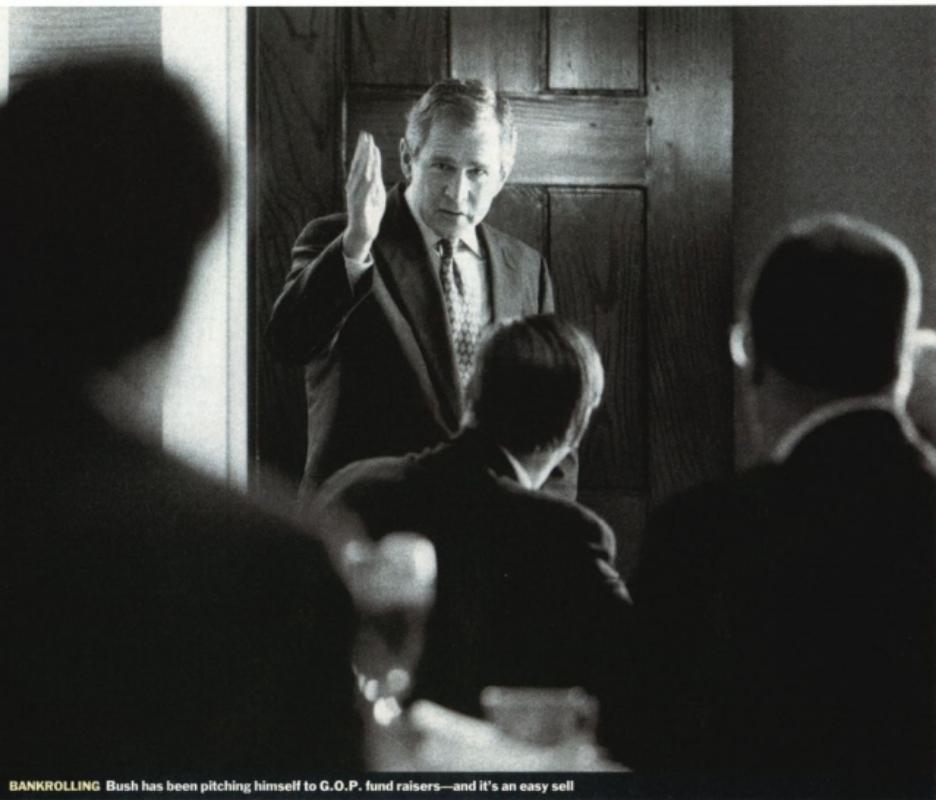
No one who has made the pilgrimage to Austin has any doubt: George W. Bush is running for President. And last week he began sharing the news with the



NETWORKING Bush is lining up support in key states

public. After months of coy political theater—feigned reticence meant to stoke interest, with allies circulating wholly unnecessary draft-Bush petitions—he finally stood still long enough to announce the formation of a presidential exploratory committee. The 10-member committee was put together with symbolism in mind. By making former Secretary of State George Shultz a committee member, Bush, 52, showed fealty not to his father's Administration but to Ronald Reagan's—a message aimed squarely at conservatives who never felt comfortable with President Bush. The other message is one of inclusion: for a party that is often criticized as too Southern, too male and too white, Bush's committee of men, women and minorities boasts almost Clintonian diversity.

The announcement lifted the lid from a pre-campaign that has been simmering for nearly a year, during which time Bush and his small Texas operation have assembled a cadre of top-flight policy advisers, locked in major donors from around the country and



BANKROLLING Bush has been pitching himself to G.O.P. fund raisers—and it's an easy sell

stirred up so much giddy anticipation among G.O.P. activists that there is already wild talk about Bush's invincibility. Scores of fund raisers, party wise men and elected officials have made the trek to Austin in recent months, and most seem to have come away with the same feeling as Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating. "I have met the victor," Keating says of Bush. "And it is he."

After getting skunked in the past two presidential elections and taking a pasting in the 1998 midterms, Republicans are desperate for a winner. And Bush is nothing if not that: he upset incumbent Ann Richards in 1994 to become Governor of what is now the second largest state, won re-election last fall with 69% of the vote, and currently boasts job-approval ratings among Texans that top 80%. His success at co-opting traditional Democratic issues such as education—and boosting from 37% to 65% the number of black and Hispanic students passing key statewide tests—has helped lure women and minorities to his camp. And, in a party often at war with itself, his charm has

kept social conservatives from deserting him without alienating moderates—and vice versa. No wonder Bush has victory-starved Republicans salivating. "This is being driven by a pervasive terror in the ranks of Republicans," concedes one of his outside advisers. "If we lose the White House in 2000, we'll lose another third of the federal judiciary and two more Supreme Court Justices. And we'll lose the House. We're staring into the abyss, and a lot of Republicans feel Bush is the only one who can save us."

So the race is on to sign up the savior. Thirteen of the nation's 31 G.O.P. Governors have already hitched their wagon to Bush's lone star, and several more are about to. Republican state legislators across the country are rushing to write draft-Bush letters before he makes it official. Ninety percent of Republicans in the South Carolina house have signed on, and 75% of the G.O.P. in Iowa's house and senate. The numbers are similar in California and New Mexico. And those who hand-deliver the letters to Bush leave even more love sick than when

they came, quoting passages from his second inaugural address and describing in near mythic terms his intellect, candor and vision. "There is a twinkle in his eye," gushes Iowa state representative Chuck Larson, who led the draft movement in his early-caucus state. "He's a giant walking onto this playing field."

Such over-the-top pronouncements are enough to make one start rooting for the other shoe to drop—the mistake that could cause George W. to stumble in the early primaries the way so many anointed front runners have before him. To guard against that, Bush has been working what might be called a cream-stationery strategy—dashing off notes to potential supporters in key states. Shortly after New Hampshire house speaker Donna Sytek was quoted in a newspaper article as saying she hadn't chosen a candidate to support, a handwritten letter arrived from the Texas Governor: "I hope good people can wait." The note worked: Sytek is waiting—even though Dole has asked her to come aboard. Sytek says she won't make up her mind until she meets

TIME/CNN POLL

■ If you had to vote for a Republican nominee for President today, whom would you choose?*

	George W. Bush	48%
	Elizabeth Dole	17%
	Dan Quayle	8%
	Pat Buchanan	4%
	Steve Forbes	3%
	John McCain	3%

■ If the 2000 election for President were held today and you had to choose between Al Gore and George W. Bush, for whom would you vote?

Bush	52%	Gore	41%
From a telephone poll of 1,051 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on March 4 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Margin of error is ±3.0%. "Not sure" omitted.			

*A total of 399 Republicans and Republican leaners. Margin of error is ±5.0%.

Bush in person. Letter writing runs in the family. New Hampshire G.O.P. activist Mike Dagostino recently heard from the Governor's father. "You know how much the Bush family values loyalty," wrote the former President. "You have been a loyal friend."

But the family name is a blessing and a curse. To tear Bush down, rival camps have tried to paste him with the labels they once used to bury his dad—"tax raiser," "moderate," "Establishment." They also pose litmus-test questions related to the elder Bush's White House years. Does the Governor support the repeal of his father's 1990 tax increase? Will he renounce the broken "no new taxes" pledge? Are we saddled with Saddam now because his father didn't finish the job in Iraq? In private meetings Bush has been quick to say that he is not afraid to dis-

■ Do the following apply to	Bush	Gore
Is intelligent . . .	81%	77%
Has strong moral character . . .	67%	65%
Is honest . . .	63%	62%
A strong and decisive leader . . .	60%	39%
Understands the nation's problems . . .	59%	60%
Has sympathy for problems of ordinary people . . .	52%	58%
Has new ideas . . .	50%	44%

■ Do you know enough about Bush or Gore to decide whether either would make a good President?

	Bush	Gore
Know enough . . .	26%	32%
Need to know more . . .	71%	64%

tance himself from the 41st President's legacy. His father himself smoothed the way, writing a note to George W. and his brother Jeb, now the Governor of Florida, urging them not to feel burdened by their old man. A famously fierce defender of his father when he worked in the White House, George W. likes to point out that he has a record of his own now, one he hopes to augment this year with a passel of goodies that should please G.O.P. conservatives—a \$2.6 billion state-tax cut, a plan to end social promotion in public schools, a pilot program for school vouchers.

Bush has also kept his distance from most of his father's top political and policy advisers. "I want you to know that Dick Darman is nowhere in my campaign, and he never will be," he told one gathering, referring to the former Budget Director whom conservatives blame for President Bush's 1990 tax increase. For political advice, the Governor leans heavily on Karl Rove, the premier Texas political consultant who crafted the Bush victories in 1994 and 1998. Rove, a mild son of the New South who will run Bush's presidential campaign in fact if not in title, is so committed to the Governor that two weeks ago, at Bush's request, he sold his private consulting



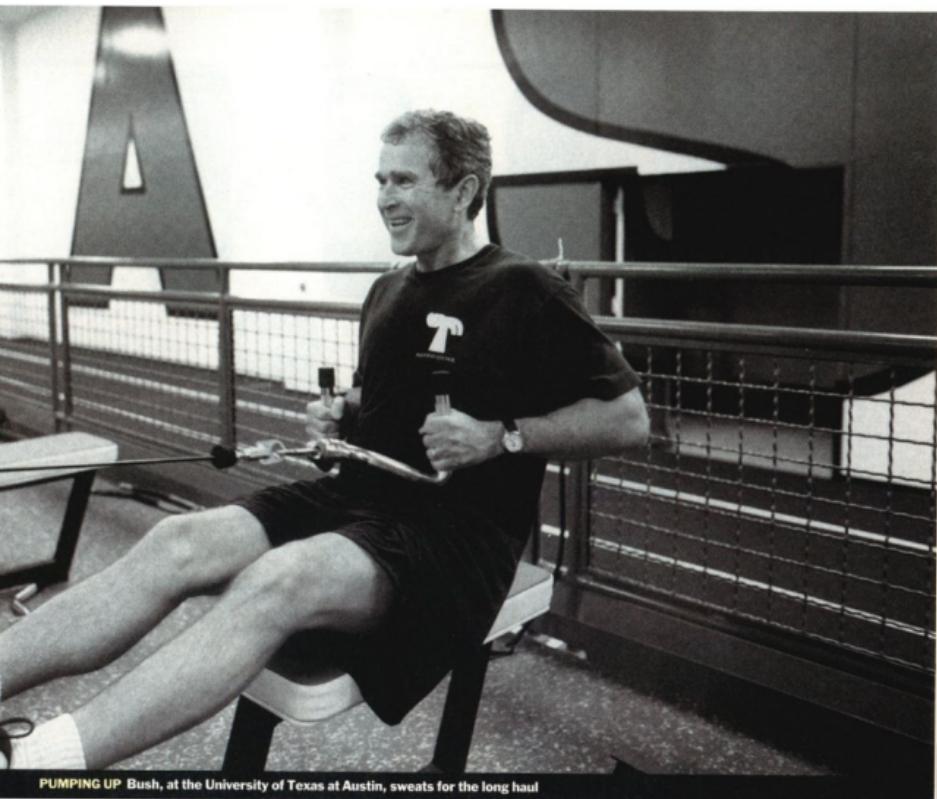
company. The Texas brain trust Rove heads—including Bush communications director Karen Hughes, chief of staff Joe Allbaugh and finance chairman Don Evans—will form the nucleus of the campaign team. Bush isn't leaning on Beltway types, but he has sought the counsel of former New York Representative Bill Paxon. And through Paxon, he found the woman he wants as his campaign's political director—Maria Cino, a party operative who in 1994 helped orchestrate the G.O.P.'s takeover of the House.

The hardest group for Bush to woo is social conservatives who never believed President Bush cared about them after Election Day. To win their hearts, he has turned to former Christian Coalition executive director Ralph Reed for advice. In late January Bush made a rare out-of-state journey to see coalition founder Pat Robertson in Chesapeake, Va. The Governor did not seek—or receive—an endorsement, but suggested he was not a threat. "He loves the Lord," Robertson said privately after the meeting.

Bush has also spoken to Richard and



MEDIA SPINNING Will his past be grist for the tabloids?



PUMPING UP Bush, at the University of Texas at Austin, sweats for the long haul

Elisabeth DeVos, benefactors of a wide range of socially conservative organizations, including the Family Research Council, whose president, Gary Bauer, is on leave to run for President. The Michigan couple flew to Austin for a private dinner with the Governor and his wife. Bush said the blessing and spent the evening talking about his positions and beliefs. The DeVoses went home impressed. "It was clearly an effort not only to inform but to persuade," says Betsy DeVos, who, as chair of the Michigan state G.O.P., can't endorse a primary candidate. Bush knows that some would-be supporters are worried that there may have been an indiscretion during his years as a heavy-drinking party boy that could turn into a 6-in. tabloid headline during the campaign. So Bush assures people like the DeVoses that he never did anything that, if discovered, would disqualify him as a candidate. "The difference between me and Clinton," Bush likes to say, "is that we both made mistakes, but I learned from mine. I grew up."

The risk for Bush is that when he ex-

plains his position on divisive social issues such as abortion, he seems to communicate what his audiences want to hear. He manages to satisfy pro-life-movement leaders like the DeVoses without spooking pro-choice Republicans like New Jersey state senator Diane Allen, who left a meeting convinced that Bush would not make the fight against abortion a feature of his campaign. "He made it clear that this is not an issue that can be legislated," says Allen. Hearing that may not rile conservatives half as much as the news that Bush is planning his own "Sister Souljah" moment. Sources close to Bush say he may stage a high-profile break with social conservatives over some issue as a way of declaring his independence from his party's radical wing—much as Bill Clinton did when he infuriated orthodox liberals by condemning the rap singer in 1992 for lyrics that incited violence against whites.

As welcome as it has been in Austin, the excitement over Bush has raised expectations to a level no mere politician can

hope to meet. The Governor has been topping G.O.P. primary polls for months; in the latest TIME/CNN poll, he is 30 points ahead of his nearest challenger, Dole. And he leads Gore 52% to 41%.

And yet to most Americans—even most Republicans—he is an empty vessel into which they're being invited to pour their hopes and dreams. They know he is his father's son—a little tougher, a little more country—and they may know he's a popular Governor. But that's all. Which means that once the campaign begins in earnest, well-financed contenders like Forbes and scrappy underdogs like Pat Buchanan and Gary Bauer will start trying to define Bush themselves, and the picture won't be pretty. "We don't know if this guy can take a punch," Buchanan has said privately. The Governor may survive, but he will certainly suffer. The sudden flameouts of presidential front runners, of course, can make Internet stocks look dull. Says a Bush team member: "This is the best it will be for the next year." —With reporting by S.C. Gwynne/Austin



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drivers.*

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Why didn't anyone
think of this before?

A Burning in Alabama

The savage murder of a gay man stuns a state where hate-crime laws do not protect homosexuals

THIS IS NOT THE TYPE OF PLACE WHERE this happens," city council president George Carlton told a reporter, after the horror became public in his hometown, Sylacauga, Ala. He echoed what was said in Jasper, Texas, a year ago. Few people then had ever heard of Jasper. A week ago, even fewer could have pointed out Sylacauga on a map. A tiny city of 13,000, halfway between Birmingham and Montgomery, Sylacauga was known for its white marble quarries, textile mills and ice-cream factory. But last week Sylacauga, like Jasper, became a chapter in the recent history of hatred.

According to police, Steven Eric Mullins, 25, and Charles Monroe Butler Jr., 21, plotted for two weeks to murder Billy Jack Gaither, 39. On Feb. 19, they

flame, says Bradley, "then they put the body on the fire." They did it all, the deputy says, because Gaither was gay.

Gaither's death has become a rallying point for gay-rights organizations' and state legislators pushing a bill that would extend Alabama's three-year-old hate-crimes law beyond race, color, religion and national origin to cover crimes related to sexual orientation as well. "It's unfortunate that somebody had to lose his life in order for this legislation to pick up momentum here in the state of Alabama," says state Representative Alvin Holmes, who failed to get the original law amended when it was passed in 1996. Holmes filed for extending the law after Matthew Shepard, a gay student, was beaten and left to die on a fence in Wyoming last October, an incident that sparked national outrage. Even Wyoming failed to pass hate-crime legislation in the wake of the Shepard lynching. Like Shepard, Gaither did not hesitate to admit being gay, though he adhered quietly to Sylacauga's Southern dispositions. And friends dispute Mullins' and Butler's allegations that a sexual proposition incited the murder. Gaither's brother Randy told CNN: "Regardless of his personal life or anything, he doesn't deserve to be killed for this."

"The message people are getting is that gay people are second-class citizens," says Tracey Conaty, spokesperson for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

Before Gaither's murder, activists were planning a major national pro-gay offensive. From March 21 to March 27, the task force will launch its "Equality Begins at Home" campaign, with 250 grassroots events in all 50 states aimed at passing anti-gay-bashing legislation. Says Conaty: "These laws reflect the conscience of a community and send an important message." The March events, says Urvashi Vaid, director of the task force's policy institute, will involve straight people concerned about neighbors denied basic human rights. Adds Vaid: "It's more than just a gay thing." —By Sylvester Monroe



HATE CRIME: Mullins, left, and Butler, center, confessed to killing Gaither, who was seen with Mullins at The Tavern

arranged to meet him at a Sylacauga bar and lured him to a secluded area. There they beat him and dumped him into the trunk of his car. They then drove about 15 miles to Peckerwood Creek in Coosa County. There, says Coosa County Sheriff's Deputy Al Bradley, "they took him out of the trunk, took an ax handle and beat him to death." They set two old tires



ITALIAN TRAGEDY: The site of the carnage

Without Guilt?

Italians are shocked by the acquittal of a Marine pilot

ALL BILL CLINTON COULD DO WAS APOLOGIZE, "The U.S.," he declared, "is responsible for this terrible tragedy." But his guest was implacable. "We shall say we are satisfied when whoever is responsible for what happened is found guilty and punished," said Italian Prime Minister Massimo D'Alema. The day before, a military jury in Camp Lejeune, N.C., had acquitted Captain Richard Ashby, a U.S. Marine pilot whose EA-6B warplane severed a ski gondola in the Italian Alps on Feb. 3, 1998, sending 20 Europeans to their death.

While military prosecutors alleged that Ashby had been "flat-hatting"—flying recklessly—his lawyers revealed widespread training deficiencies. Prosecutors couldn't prove Ashby had been told of speed and altitude restrictions for the flight. There was also a sense among some leathernecks that Ashby was targeted for punishment that should have been more evenly shared. All that was apparently sufficient for at least three of the eight Marine jurors to vote not guilty (military juries require only two-thirds to convict) after seven hours of deliberation. Ashby still faces charges of destroying a videotape of the flight, and his navigator, Captain Joseph Schweitzer, faces a charge of involuntary manslaughter and obstruction of justice.

After the verdict was announced, a prosecutor turned to the relatives of those killed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I buried my husband a year ago," Rita Wunderlich replied. "Today it was his second funeral." ■



ASHBY: Was sloppy training to blame?



The Calm

Once upon a time, a President *was* the former Secretary of State offers

By HENRY KISSINGER

IT IS DIFFICULT TO WRITE ABOUT RICHARD NIXON, WHO COMBINED BRILLIANCE, patriotism and courage with self-destructive flaws as in a Greek tragedy. The hatred he evoked in his political opponents was extraordinary even by the turbulent standards of American democracy. I served as his principal adviser on foreign policy for 5½ years and often saw him several times a day. Yet to some extent I still remain mystified by the personality of the perhaps most complex President of the 20th century.

One of the questions posterity will surely ask is what it was about Nixon that caused passions to run quite so deep. Was it because almost everything one could say about Richard Nixon was both true and yet somehow wrong? He was politically

astute and highly intelligent yet prone to self-destructive acts; exceptionally analytical yet done in by yielding to ill-considered impulse; deeply patriotic yet wont to hazard his achievements on tawdry practices; possessed of a considerable capacity to feel guilt coupled with an instinct to gravitate toward actions guaranteed to evoke feelings of guilt; an outstanding judge of people except of those whose actions could affect his own interests; successful in the gregarious profession of politics although introverted, almost reclusive.

Nobody who dealt with Nixon regularly ever doubted that here was a man capable of imposing his will on circumstances. But he could not handle face-to-face disagreements and would go to extraordinary lengths to achieve his aims by indirection. Nixon aspired to greatness and came close to it, at least in the conduct of foreign policy. Yet he ruined his presidency by acts as unnecessary as they were unworthy.

It would take a poet of Shakespearean dimension to do justice to the extraordinary, maddening, visionary and debilitating personality of Richard Nixon—at once thoughtful and quirky, compassionate and insensitive; sometimes fiercely loyal, at other times leaving old associates in his wake as casualties. Yet ultimately Nixon's obvious and unending struggle with himself proved so unsettling, even threatening, because deep down one could never be certain that what one found so disturbing in Nixon might not also be a reflection of some suppressed flaw within oneself.

Inevitably our personal relationship exhibited the ambivalences Nixon inspired in his entire entourage. Nixon, who treated acquaintances with a wary aloofness and even close associ-

ates as foils, provided few emotional footholds. His oblique, indirect method of government and his tendency to foment conflicts among his subordinates could be nerve-racking. Occasionally I would relieve the tension with exasperated comments. For his part, Nixon resented the publicity I attracted, starting with the secret trip to China on which he sent me in 1971. Presidents do not take kindly to assistants who compete with them for public attention—especially when some of Nixon's closest advisers were arguing that I was upstaging him deliberately. While the word deliberately was inaccurate, it is certainly true that I did not exactly resist the media's favors.

Nevertheless, and despite some mutual misgivings, Nixon and I worked extremely well together. Face-to-face, he always treated me with conspicuous courtesy. Though we were not emotionally close, I was touched by his vulnerability and often moved by his inner torments, as in the period just prior to his resignation (when I might well have been as close to Nixon as anyone, except his immediate family, ever got).

Nixon's single most important quality was the ability to make bold decisions. That attribute was all the more remarkable because he was not by nature daring and by no means a happy warrior. On the contrary, he made his major decisions with a joylessness verging on despair, as if he was doomed by some malign destiny to have so much anguish brought to naught despite meticulous reflection and notepads crammed with options.

One of the paradoxes of the Nixon presidency is that the evidence on the tapes pictures him as impulsive, even reckless. But the Nixon with whom I worked on foreign policy reached his major decisions only after almost maddening deliberation. He

After the Storm

forced from office. In an excerpt from *Years of Renewal*, a front-row seat to one of America's greatest crises



A TRAGIC ENDING AND A BRIGHT NEW BEGINNING

Richard Nixon flashes his trademark "victory" sign after his resignation. Within hours Gerald R. Ford took the oath of office

might act intuitively, but he did not do so impulsively. Every significant foreign policy decision was preceded by weeks of solitary reflection and apparent indecision. Sequestered in his hideaway in the Old Executive Office Building with the curtains drawn, Nixon would work out on a pad of yellow sheets permutations of the options I generally had submitted to him. And since, in any major decision, the pros and cons are closely balanced and unanimity among advisers is rare, he would muse endlessly about how to overrule fractious subordinates. But once he had overcome his premonitions of catastrophe and found someone (usually Bob Haldeman or John Mitchell) to bring the bad news to the overruled associates, Nixon would almost invariably take a big leap.

Afterward Nixon would retire to Camp David for a few days, to recover from the ordeal but also to make it much more difficult for opponents of the decision to reach him. It was hardly the decision-making process recommended in public-administration textbooks, and it was emotionally exhausting for all the participants—including, especially, Nixon. But Presidents could

do worse than to place on their desks the dictum Nixon would invoke on such occasions: "You pay the same price for doing something halfway as for doing it completely. So you might as well do it completely."

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISER

THE BREAKTHROUGHS OF THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION WERE due to the fact that both Nixon and I subordinated our reservations about each other to a close collaboration based on mutual respect. The Quaker's son from Yorba Linda and the son of a secondary school teacher in Bavaria complemented each other's qualities in a special way. Nixon had the best personal knowledge of leaders around the world of any American political figure I have met. Foreign policy was his hobby, and he deepened his understanding of it by frequent travel. I had a better knowledge of history and of the conceptual side of geopolitics. Nixon operated by flashes of insight, to which he clung with remarkable persistence. My forte was translating general goals into long-range strategies—a task for which Nixon lacked the requisite patience.



Nixon's ability to make bold decisions was all the more remarkable

Nixon had an instinct for the jugular. With respect to several key decisions, even when I came to view their necessity somewhat before he did, once Nixon decided to act, he went frequently beyond my recommendations. In 1970, after the North Vietnamese forces stationed in Cambodia broke out of their base areas and threatened to take over the entire country, Nixon and I were studying ways to neutralize the North Vietnamese offensive in Cambodia and prevent the whole country from being turned into a vast base area aimed at South Vietnam. I recommended an assault on Parrot's Beak, the communist base area closest to Saigon; after hesitating for nearly a month, Nixon opted for attacking every base area along the Vietnamese-Cambodian border. In 1973, when I tried to organize the Pentagon's civilian reserve air fleet for an airlift to Israel, Nixon overcame Pentagon foot dragging by ordering a military airlift and using the giant C-5 planes. In each case, Nixon's decision was vindicated by events.

The cooperation between the President and the National Security Adviser worked not just because we complemented each other's strengths (and perhaps reinforced each other's weaknesses with respect to our sensitivity to criticism and proclivity for sudden diplomatic coups), but above all because Nixon and I viewed international relations from a nearly identical perspective. Both of us believed that we were in trouble in Vietnam because our predecessors had launched the U.S. into an enterprise in a distant region for worthy causes but without adequately assessing the national interest and the likely cost. America's historic idealism had to be leavened with an assessment of national interest, and our approach to international relations had to move from episodic interventions to a strategic design that took account of the requirement of equilibrium. This was then—and probably still is at this writing—a minority view in a society which, never having experienced national tragedy, identifies the quest for peace with the missionary vocation of spreading its own domestic values around the world.

In the end, this vision led both the President and me to be harassed by what had been our normal constituencies. Liberals accused me of abandoning them in quest of power; conservatives thought Nixon had been seduced by the Establishment.

Nixon could have greatly eased his presidency by simply abandoning our allies in Indochina and placing the onus on his predecessors. He was surely given every incentive to do so when the architects of the debacle, in a collective fit of amnesia, constantly pressured him to go down the road of unconditional abandonment. Believing such a course to be dishonorable and against the national interest, Nixon played the hand he had been dealt and achieved a settlement his critics had declared unattainable—though it later unraveled, in large part because Congress cut off economic and military aid. Even while engaged in this searing process, Nixon managed to forge new policies toward China, strategic arms limitations, the Middle East peace process and access to beleaguered Berlin. In their essence, these policies set the course for the remainder of the cold war.

NIXON THE PERSON

IN THE MYTHOLOGY OF HIS TRADUCERS—AND OF SOME FILM PORTRAITS—Richard Nixon was a man given to histrionics, to shouting his prejudices at cowed subordinates and to dominating his environment by conveying his views with great, even overpowering insistence—frequently under the influence of alcohol. Nothing could be further from the real Richard Nixon—at least the Richard Nixon with whom I dealt.

For example, the portrayals of Nixon drinking himself into incoherence with a bottle ever at his side are simply absurd. In my experience, Nixon never took any liquor during working hours or in the Oval Office. Only his closest associates ever saw him drink in any context. The trouble was that Nixon could not hold even a small quantity of alcohol. Two glasses of wine were quite enough

to make him boisterous, just one more to grow belligerent or sentimental, occasionally with slurred speech. Alcohol had a way of destroying the defenses he had so carefully constructed to enable him to succeed in a profession based on a conviviality unnatural to him. These episodes occurred extremely rarely, always at night and never in the context of major decisions. The few of us who actually witnessed such conduct never acted on what he might have said; we felt we owed the President another chance to consider whatever the issue was.

The Richard Nixon with whom I worked on a daily basis for 5½ years was generally soft-spoken, withdrawn and quite shy. When talking to me or to George Shultz, he rarely, if ever, used the graphic language that proved so startling in the transcripts of his conversations with the political side of the White House. Nixon was capable of dominating a conversation only by conducting a monologue, never in a genuine dialogue. To

passive admirers or people who sought his views, Nixon could appear overpowering and confident. But Nixon abhorred face-to-face disagreements of any kind. In his many conversations with me, he would ask many perceptive questions and frequently make very astute observations. He was quite capable of changing his mind upon reflecting on a counterargument. But these were separate events. I cannot remember any real dialogue in which we argued clashing points of view.

The way differences between us were handled was that I would register more or less passively some comment of Nixon's. Some time later, I would revert to the same point without ascribing it to him and state my contrary view. After yet another interval, Nixon would either reaffirm his original position or change it without acknowledging the disagreement between us.

Since this was a method involving a considerable risk of misunderstanding, I conducted most of the major policy discussions with Nixon and almost every presentation of options by memorandum. Nixon felt no inhibitions about reading contrary views, and he felt free to state his response crisply and to issue unambiguous orders. Future historians removed from the passions of the moment will find a study of the voluminous memoranda he produced far more rewarding than the dialogues on the tapes.

The reason for Nixon's diffidence in face-to-face encounters was the opposite of arrogance: it was a reflection of his abiding fear of being rejected. Others more knowledgeable about Nixon's



BOLD STROKES
Inside the Kremlin in 1972

able because he was not by nature daring and by no means a happy warrior

early years may be better able to explain this handicap—for such it was—in a man of such intelligence and possessed of extraordinary powers of persuasion. Or the even greater anomaly that Nixon seemed more paralyzed by the prospect of rejection than by its actuality. Once the worst had, in fact, occurred and the dreaded (and half-anticipated) rejection had finally taken place, Nixon displayed extraordinary fortitude, willpower and resilience.

To spare himself face-to-face controversies as much as possible, Nixon avoided office appointments wherever possible unless they were carefully orchestrated set-piece encounters. Those of us in the inner circle faced no more daunting task than to persuade Nixon to meet some individual he did not already know or to see someone who might produce an unpleasant situation—that is, anyone whose opinion Nixon did not know in detail beforehand.

The reverse side of this fear of being rejected—it's ballast, so to speak—was Nixon's romantic image of himself as a fearless manipulator, marching to his own drummer, unaffected either by turmoil around him or contrary advice on the part of his Cabinet and staff. Sometimes this was indeed the case, but most often Nixon was not as alone as he was wont to imply. His quest to receive sole credit for every achievement of his Administration and to have it perceived as having been carried out as an entirely solitary act explains why Nixon rarely, if ever, had an approving word to say about any of his associates. Subconsciously at least, Nixon sought to enhance his eminence by denigrating his associates, thereby magnifying his own solitude.

Another aspect of this cult of the "tough guy" was that in conversations with his entourage, Nixon might generate a series of extravagant propositions which, in his heart, he never expected to be implemented. Some of the more bloodcurdling orders on the tapes released thus far have their origin in this proclivity—as I believe to have been the origin of Watergate itself. Nixon was convinced, and repeated on many occasions, that during the 1960 presidential campaign, his office and airplane had been bugged by the Kennedy camp. And I suspect he felt that his victory in 1972 would not be complete until he had demonstrated his own ability to play by the same rules as he imagined the admired and feared Kennedy clan to have done.

In foreign policy, these tough-guy orders were much less frequent; though, when they occurred, they could be unsettling (after a few months with Nixon, I was able to distinguish between what he intended to be carried out immediately and what he deserved to be given an opportunity to reconsider). For example, in August 1969, a TWA plane with Americans aboard was hijacked and flown to Damascus airport. I reported this fact to Nixon, who was in San Clemente with his two friends, Charles ("Bebe") Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp. Obviously trying to impress his pals, Nixon issued a curt-sounding order: "Bomb the airport of Damascus." I was certain the order would never survive the night and called Secretary of Defense Mel Laird to tell him what had happened. The two aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean were out of range, and bombing a country is not a simple matter of giving an order: targets have to be selected, a diplomatic scenario prepared and press guidance developed. So Laird and I decided to carry out the letter of the order by implementing the first steps and leaving the other measures for the

next day. In the morning, at my regular briefing, I brought Nixon up to date, including the fact that the Sixth Fleet carriers were now near Cyprus. "Did anything else happen?" Nixon innocently asked. When I replied in the negative, the President—without moving a facial muscle—said, "Good."

The trouble arose with members of the Nixon entourage who had less access and less experience with exuberant presidential statements. When the full extent of Watergate became apparent in April 1973, I asked permanent elder statesman Bryce Harlow how it could have happened: "Some damn fool got into the Oval Office and did as he was told," Harlow remarked.

INSIDE THE NIXON WHITE HOUSE

NIXON SET IN MOTION A FIERCE COMPETITION AMONG HIS ADVISERS while guarding the mystery of his own ultimate destinations.

He was determined that foreign policy be conducted from the Oval Office, but he never said as much to his Secretary of State. He would send me off on secret back-channel negotiations without informing Bill Rogers—and while complaining to Haldeman about the Kissinger-Rogers fact that he himself never ceased stoking. The result was that the State Department would often pursue a course of action that was in direct conflict with what I was doing on behalf of the President and of which the department was unaware. The practical consequence was that the party being overruled blamed the outcome on some malign influence—as time went on, most often on me.

Nixon's reputation for "trickiness" resulted from his need to balance his abhorrence for direct confrontation against his even stronger inward drive to live up to his foreign policy convictions. Preposterous as this may sound, what passed for trickiness was Nixon's way of being principled.

Spending much of what would normally be considered personal time in his hideaway in the Old Executive Office Building or at Camp David, Nixon would sit in an easy chair, his feet on a hassock, the shades drawn, commenting on conceptual rather than action memoranda and making notes on his yellow pads. To relieve the inner tension, he would call in one of his advisers to go over his notes and/or to recount again and again the battles of his earlier years, from the Alger Hiss case through the California election of 1962. These grinding conversations could go on for hours while the designated listener, frantic over the work and telephone calls piling up back in the office, yearned even for some catastrophe to divert the President and permit one to get back to one's regular chores.

The incentives for Nixon's adviser soon became exactly the opposite of the normal assistant's ambition, which is to log the maximum amount of time with the President. Nixon's aides by contrast tried to cut down their time with the President. In the process, they revealed something less creditable about themselves: the degree to which the emotionally exhausting White House atmosphere had robbed them of sensitivity for the obvious and all-encompassing loneliness of their President, who needed them as much to fill the emptiness of his life as for practical advice.

Though Nixon did not particularly enjoy the mechanics of governing and was generally leery of visitors, he did enjoy foreign guests. But even in his area of expertise, he would not meet a visitor without meticulous preparation to minimize the



NO HIDDEN AGENDAS
In Vladivostok in 1974



Nixon abhorred face-to-face disagreements of any kind

prospects of some unwanted direct confrontation.

My staff would prepare a detailed memorandum explaining the purpose of the visit, the physical arrangements, what the foreign interlocutor was likely to say, our recommendations for the best response, the optimum outcome and the dangers to avoid. Nixon would commit to memory either the entire memorandum or the part he thought useful. Since Nixon did not like to admit that he needed any staff assistance in foreign policy, he never brought the staff memorandum to the meeting. Instead, he would hold forth as if extemporaneously, not without sometimes skating closer than I considered wise to the very subjects our memorandum had warned represented the areas of thinnest ice. Nixon liked to live dangerously and to show off his skill at doing so.

On one occasion, the arrangement went awry, and it was the vaunted NSC staff system, not Nixon, that misfired. As part of some U.N. celebration, the Prime Minister of Mauritius had been invited to Washington. Mauritius is a subtropical island located in the Indian Ocean. It enjoys plenty of rainfall and a verdant agriculture; its relations with the U.S. were excellent. Somehow my staff gained the impression that the visitor was from Mauritania, an arid desert state in West Africa which had broken diplomatic relations with us in 1967 as an act of solidarity with its Muslim brethren in the aftermath of the Middle East war.

This misconception produced an extraordinary dialogue. Coming straight to the point, Nixon suggested that the time had come to restore diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Mauritius. This, he noted, would permit resumption of American aid, and one of its benefits might be assistance in dry farming, in which Nixon maintained the U.S. had special capabilities. The stunned visitor, who had come on a goodwill mission from a country with, if anything, excessive rainfall, tried to shift to a more promising subject. He inquired whether Nixon was satisfied with the operation of the space tracking station the U.S. maintained on his island. Now it was Nixon's turn to be discomfited as he set about frantically writing on his yellow pad. Tearing off a page, he handed me a note that read: "Why the hell do we have a space-tracking station in a country with which we do not have diplomatic relations?"

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

AFTER THE SO-CALLED SMOKING-GUN TAPE WAS RELEASED ON Aug. 5, Vice President Gerald Rudolph Ford, at a Cabinet meeting the next day, took the unprecedented step of dissociating from the President. He would no longer defend the President's position on Watergate, he said, and, indeed, he would not have done so in the past had he known what was on the tape. Publicly he would maintain silence on the matter on the ground that he was a "party in interest"—pointedly reminding everyone that he was next in line for Nixon's office. But Ford stressed that even though he was dissociating from the President, he would continue to support Nixon's policies.

I did not speak with Ford at that meeting or, indeed, until Nixon had decided to resign. It was now certain that Ford

would become President. In that turbulent week of Nixon's resignation, I had no time to speculate on how it would affect my own position. Before I could address the subject, Ford took the decision out of my hands by telephoning me on the morning of Aug. 8, after Nixon had informed him of his decision to resign. Ford asked me to come to see him and, in his unassuming way, left the time up to me. In the course of the same conversation, he asked me to stay on and in a way that made it sound as if I would be doing him a favor by agreeing.

Dramatic events are not always ushered in by dramatic dialogue. As I recall this conversation from the perspective of two decades, I am struck by its matter-of-fact tone and concerns. At the time, I was affected by the understated way in which Ford conveyed Nixon's decision, which would make him President, without rhetorical flourishes and without mentioning the emotional impact on himself. And I was moved by his tact in so swiftly putting an end to any personal uncertainty I might be experiencing.

The atmosphere of the conversation carried over into our meeting that afternoon. I sat on a sofa near the balcony overlooking the White House Lawn, Ford in an easy chair with his back to the window. He seemed casual and calm, neither grandiloquent nor pretentiously humble. He opened the conversation by saying he intended to announce even before he had taken the oath of office—in fact, that very evening—that I would be staying. Ford added that he had felt comfortable with me ever since our first meeting at Harvard some years before. Artlessly, he added that he felt confident we would "get along." I replied that it was my job to get along with him, not the other way around.

Perhaps the most lasting impression of that first conversation was its aftermath. For the first time since I came to the White House, I left the presidential presence without afterthoughts, confident that there was no more to the conversation than what I had heard. Starting with that first meeting, I never encountered a hidden agenda. He was sufficiently self-assured to disagree openly, and he did not engage in elaborate maneuvers about who should receive credit. Having been propelled so unexpectedly into an office he revered but never thought he would hold, he felt no need to manipulate his environment. Ford's inner peace was precisely what the nation needed for healing its divisions.

Gerald Ford was an uncomplicated man tapped by destiny for some of the most complicated tasks in the nation's history. The first non-elected President, he was called to heal the nation's wounds after a decade in which the Vietnam War and Watergate had produced the most severe divisions since the Civil War. As different as possible from the driven personalities who typically propel themselves into the highest office, Gerald Ford restored calm and confidence to a nation surfeited with upheavals, overcame a series of international crises and ushered in a period of renewal for American society.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

THE MORNING OF AUG. 9, 1974, WITNESSED ONE OF THE MOST dramatic moments in American history. At 9:30 in the East Room of the White House, President Nixon bade farewell to his



AN UNUSUAL COLLABORATION
Kissinger and Nixon shared a view of the world

RONALD E. BROWN



Ford saved the cohesion and dignity of his country

seats had been rearranged so that when Ford spoke, he was facing in a different direction than Nixon had, symbolizing a new beginning.

Gerald Ford performed his task of overcoming America's divisions and redeeming its faith so undramatically and with such absence of histrionics that his achievements have so far been taken too much for granted. To a great extent, this neglect was because Ford bore so little resemblance to the prototype of the political leader of the Television Age. The media and many of his colleagues were at a loss when it came to fitting him into the familiar stereotypes. The modern presidential candidate ends up making a kind of Faustian bargain: a full-scale national primary campaign costs a minimum of \$15 million for television and print-media advertising. But the money must be raised within strict limits defined by law. To remain credible, a candidate feels obliged to devote most of his energies for the better part of three years to accumulating a war chest from fragmented and disparate constituencies. In that process, his principal incentive—approaching an imperative—is to try to be all things to all people. What starts as a tactic turns over the course of the campaign into a defining characteristic. National recognition is achieved at the price of nearly compulsive personal insecurity.

A curious blend of brittleness and flamboyance thus defines the modern political persona: brittleness verging on obsequiousness in the quest for mass approval, flamboyance turning into panic when the public's mood shifts. Far more concerned with what to say than with what to think, the modern political leader too frequently fails to fulfill the role for which he is needed most: to provide the emotional ballast when experience is being challenged by ever-accelerating change. The inability to fulfill these emotional needs lies behind the curious paradox of contemporary democracy: never have political leaders been more abject in trying to determine the public's preferences, yet, in most democracies, respect for the political class has never been lower.

Gerald Ford was about as different as possible from what has become the familiar political persona. Having risen through the ranks of his party in the House of Representatives—a career dependent on day-to-day practical relations with his peers—Ford was immune to the modern politician's chameleon-like search for ever-new identities and to the emotional roller coaster this search exacts. Far too unassuming to think of himself as heroic, Ford would have been embarrassed had anyone suggested that Providence had imposed on him just such a role.

Cartoonists had great fun with Ford's occasionally fractured syntax. They forgot—if they were ever aware—that being articulate is not the same as having analytical skill, which Ford had in abundance. For a national leader, courage and devotion to principle are, in any case, the more important qualities.

staff. At 12:03 that same day, in the same room, Gerald R. Ford was sworn in as the 38th President of the U.S.

Ford was well aware of his relative lack of suavity and, unlike the modern political leader, was not embarrassed to admit it. "I am not one of those oratorical geniuses," he said to me on the telephone on Jan. 15, 1975. "There is no point in my trying to be one. I just have to be myself." A week later, he returned to the subject after a press conference in which he thought he could have done better (a view I did not share). Unlike most political leaders of the Television Age, Ford blamed himself, not the media:

"I came away feeling myself it could have been a lot better ... I get mad as hell, but I don't show it, when I don't do as well as I think I should ... If you don't strive for the best, you never make it."

Ford was always himself, and he always did his best; in the process, he saved the cohesion and dignity of his country.

FORD AND THE NATIONAL INTEREST

FORD REACTED TO THE SEEMINGLY INEXHAUSTIBLE VOLUME OF challenges without either self-pity or doubt about the good

faith of his political adversaries. Ford viewed his role not unlike that of a doctor ministering to a patient just recovering from a debilitating illness. He therefore resisted demands for heroic posturing and prescribed a regimen of building and conserving strength. Ford thought it essential to prove to the American people that crisis and confrontation were a last resort, not an everyday means of conducting foreign policy.

Dedicated to the proposition that his presidency should be a time of healing (as he would entitle his memoirs), Ford displayed personal good-will to friend and foe alike. At

times, I thought his apparent equanimity excessive, especially when his reluctance to impose penalties made resistance to presidential authority appear free of risk. In retrospect, I have come to appreciate Ford's self-restraint, for it gradually drained the American political system of its accumulated poison and created the conditions for the restoration of faith in American institutions. In the end, societies thrive not on the victories of factions but on their reconciliations.

This unfinishing sense of the national interest enabled Ford in his 29 months in office to navigate his country through a series of crises that could have filled a two-term presidency. Other Presidents were to receive the credit for winning the cold war. But I am certain the time will come when it is recognized that the cold war could not have been won had not Gerald Ford, at a tragic point of America's history, been there to keep us from losing it.

THE PARDON

NO DECISION PRESIDENT FORD MADE WAS MORE IMPORTANT than Nixon's pardon. Nixon seemed nearly certain to be indicted by the special prosecutor—a painful prospect for the U.S. and for the fallen President. Such a spectacle would have been gravely damaging to America's standing in the world. And those of us who knew Nixon felt certain that he would never get through a trial or even an indictment without grave physical and psychological repercussions. Yet given the risks



AN OLD-SHOE SENSE OF HIMSELF
The President and the Secretary in Japan



TIME and THE PRESIDENCY

Harry Truman, 1945-1953

AN UNCOMMON COMMON MAN

EXHIBIT TOUR

TIME AND THE PRESIDENCY is a touring exhibit that profiles 11 U.S. Presidents through the lenses of TIME photographers. The exhibit also features the reflections of Hugh Sidey, TIME Washington bureau chief from 1967 to 1979, who has covered every U.S. President since Dwight Eisenhower.



AP/WIDEWORLD

Harry Truman's brisk stride carried him from relative obscurity at the age of 50 to the vice presidency in a single decade. But the "man from Missouri" didn't walk into the Oval Office at his own pace—he was thrust into it after the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt in April 1945. Many Americans and world leaders worried that the former Senator wasn't up to filling F.D.R.'s shoes. Winston Churchill was one of them. But he told Truman in the waning months of his presidency, "The last time you and I sat across

a conference table was at Potsdam. I must confess, sir, I held you in very low regard . . . I misjudged you badly. Since that time, you, more than any other man, have saved Western civilization."

Posterity agrees with Churchill. Criticism of Truman's shoot-from-the-hip partisanship and his taste for questionable cronies has dwindled in importance with the passing decades. What looms larger is a sense of the man's courage, a realization that he faced and made more momentous decisions than most other American Presidents. It was Truman who decided to drop the atom bomb, to contain communism through the Truman Doctrine, to rebuild Europe with the Marshall Plan, to defy the Soviet blockade of Berlin with an Allied airlift. Yet he remained humble. As Hugh Sidey recounts, "When his presidency was finished and he arrived back in Independence, reporters asked him on his first day home what he intended to do. 'Carry the grips up to the attic,' he replied, a remark that became famous because it seemed to sum up this uncommon common man."



Shortly after taking office, Truman conferred with Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam

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TOUR SCHEDULE

The Harry S. Truman Presidential Library and Museum
Independence, MO
Feb. 24-May 31, 1999

"All things considered, Harry Truman would have just as soon stayed a Senator from Missouri to work a little legislative magic now and then."

Hugh Sidey

The Newseum
New York, NY
June 28-Sept. 25, 1999

Washington, D.C.
Oct.-Dec. 1999

The George Bush Presidential Library and Museum
College Station, TX
April-June 2000

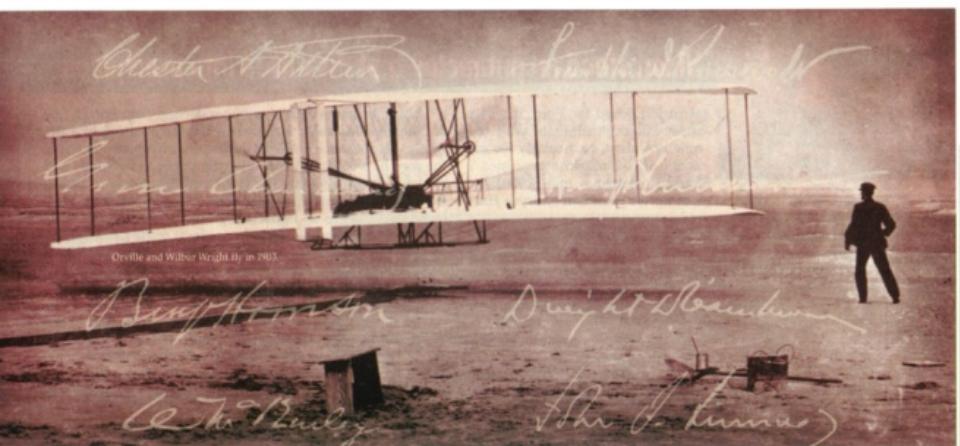
The Lyndon B. Johnson Library and Museum
Austin, TX
July-Sept. 2000

The Ronald Reagan Presidential Library and Museum
Simi Valley, CA
Oct.-Dec. 2000

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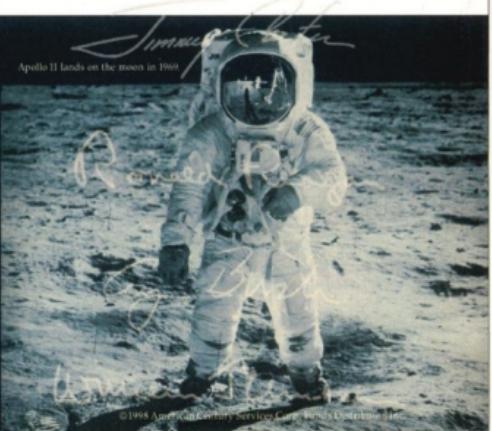
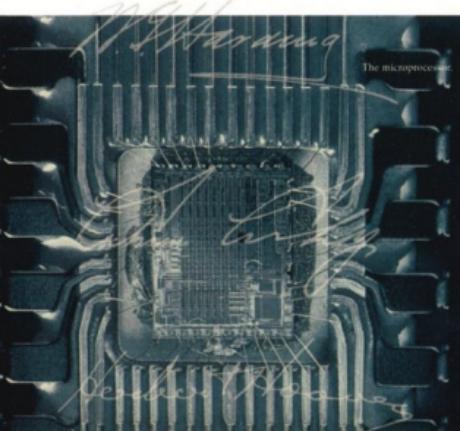
AMERICAN
CENTURY



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Theodore Roosevelt
These are not just the hallmarks of leaders, but of the American people. The freedom to achieve, and the enduring will to win. It's what is right with America. It was the blueprint for our company.

Forty years ago, we founded our company based on the belief that anyone can succeed in life. And that everyone should, and can, gain financial independence. Since then, American Century Investments has been helping investors achieve those dreams. Today, we are one of the largest mutual fund companies in America. With millions of investors who trust us to manage their money. *Woodrow Wilson* *Franklin D. Roosevelt*
We believe the reasons for our success and the success of our investors are the same. *John F. Kennedy*
A demand for commitment, integrity and independent thinking. And an optimistic vision of what lies ahead in the next American century.





Nixon stood on pinnacles that dissolved into precipices

a pardon posed for Ford, it was a tricky subject to initiate with the new President, particularly for me as one of Nixon's close associates. I finally overcame my hesitations when, in the second week of Ford's presidency, Bryce Harlow called on me to express his own deep concern.

Harlow argued that putting Nixon on trial would further divide our country and probably compound the emotional disintegration of a President who, with all his faults, had rendered distinguished service to the country. The conversation with Harlow gave me the pretext to raise the subject with Ford. I passed on Harlow's views and endorsed them. When Ford asked a few questions about the psychological impact of a trial on Nixon, I argued that equally important was the impact on the world, where the former President was highly respected. Ford mentioned that some of his advisers thought he should wait until an indictment was actually handed down. I replied that I could not judge the domestic situation, but delay would surely complicate both the international impact and Nixon's personal despair.

Ford made no further comment. On the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 7, 1974, he telephoned to inform me of his decision to pardon Nixon the following morning. The time had come, Ford said, to lay the past to rest and, in a spirit of Christian forgiveness, to permit Nixon to live out the remainder of his days in dignity. Ford did not invite my comments. Though the decision probably cost him his own election to the presidency, I am convinced that it was a courageous and humane act that was necessary if the nation was ever to be liberated from the traumas of the previous decade.

NIXON IN EXILE

AFTER RESIGNING FROM THE PRESIDENCY, NIXON LIVED FOR another two decades. The first few years in exile were excruciatingly difficult for him. Only his closest friends telephoned him, and he disappeared from the public debate except in the sensational stories regarding his alleged abuses of power. During this period, he and I often spoke on the telephone, and I visited him once in San Clemente. While I was still in office, when major events occurred, I would brief him; when I was under attack—which happened more and more frequently—he would call with supporting and insightful comments.

In February 1980, Nixon moved to New York and launched a spectacular career of reinventing himself as elder statesman. I hosted a small dinner to welcome him. For the first time, he sought to engage the Establishment. He would invite key representatives of the media and industry for an evening of discussion that usually turned into a briefing; he would send thoughtful little notes to authors of articles or books that caught his attention. Patiently and tenaciously, Nixon earned himself a position as a senior commentator whom, in the end, the incumbent Presidents found it to their benefit to consult.

Nixon began to deliver public speeches. I attended a few of them and marveled at how he used the occasion to overwhelm his audience. Pushing the lectern ostentatiously out of the way, he would deliver an hour-long speech forcefully and extemporaneously. Only the few Nixon cognoscenti understood just how much the sheer effort of it had cost him. They knew that if it was an important group, he would have written out the speech beforehand or at least made a full outline and probably rehearsed parts of it before a mirror. They were participating in an extraordinary feat of memory and self-discipline, not a spontaneous effusion.

I saw Nixon for the last time in January 1994 when I was one of the speakers in Yorba Linda at the launching of the Nixon Center, a new foreign policy think tank now located in Washington. Former key Cabinet members spoke briefly. Nixon concluded the event with a graceful speech to a large and friendly audience. At the lunch following, I toasted Nixon on behalf of his former Cabinet.

A few months later, in April 1994, Richard Nixon died. We had lived together through periods of hope and of despair, through fleeting moments of triumph and long domestic travails. Nixon could be exasperating, maddening, even treacherous. But the overriding feeling evoked by his death was one of sorrow. Paradoxical as it sounds, Nixon's endless machinations were apt to be forgiven especially by those closest to him and therefore most likely to be damaged by his wiles because we were also familiar with the sweep of his aspiration and aware that his most tormenting battles were ultimately with himself.

Assaulted on all sides and torn within himself, Nixon had held to a concept of national honor, determined to prove that the greatest free nation had no right to abdicate. With a romantic and even lofty notion of the hero-statesman, he sought to point a way to overcome his nation's oscillation between overcommitment and withdrawal. Though in the end he fell short of fulfilling his highest aspirations, Nixon's goals were worthy even when the execution was occasionally flawed.

This is why his funeral on April 27, 1994, became a national occasion of mourning attended by all surviving Presidents, including Bill Clinton. And my eulogy came from the heart:

"When I learned the final news, by then so expected yet so hard to accept, I felt a deep loss and a profound void. In the words of Shakespeare: 'He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again' ...

"... So let us now say goodbye to our gallant friend. He stood on pinnacles that dissolved into precipices. He achieved greatly and suffered deeply. But he never gave up. In his solitude, he envisaged a new international order that would reduce lingering enmities, strengthen historic friendships and give new hope to mankind—a vision where dreams and possibilities conjoined.

"Richard Nixon ended a war, and he advanced the vision of peace of his Quaker youth. He was devoted to his family, he loved his country, and he considered service his honor. It was a privilege to have been allowed to help him." ■



AN OCCASION OF NATIONAL MOURNING
Presidential farewell to Nixon

"I got Lyme disease last spring and I'm being treated for serious health problems. I couldn't prevent it then, but now you could."

New



Protect yourself and your family with LYMErix, the world's first vaccine to prevent Lyme disease. Call your doctor now.

If you live or plan to travel where Lyme disease is a problem, there are important facts you should know. For example, you can get bitten by the tick that carries the disease while out gardening, walking, barbecuing, even playing with your dog. And, if you don't have any early symptoms, you might not know you have Lyme disease. You could be one of the few people who develop serious health problems. Left untreated, Lyme disease can lead to potentially serious joint and neurological conditions. Why put yourself or your family at risk?

Now, there's a vaccine that has been shown to be safe and effective in preventing Lyme disease. It's called LYMErix. New LYMErix is for people 15 to 70. As with any vaccine, LYMErix may not protect 100% of individuals. LYMErix may be associated with local injection-site reactions including redness and swelling, flu-like symptoms, arthralgias and myalgias.

Ask your doctor about new LYMErix. Or call toll free 1-888-LYMERIX, ext. 200 for information.

Now is the time to begin building protection for yourself and your family for the upcoming season. Call your doctor today.

Please see *important product information* on next page.

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TAKE IT SERIOUSLY.

LYMErix. Get prepared
for the coming season.
CALL YOUR DOCTOR NOW.

LYMErix™

Lyme Disease Vaccine (Recombinant OspA)

Brief Summary: Please see complete prescribing information in SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceutical literature.

INDICATION AND USAGE: LYMErix is indicated for active immunization against Lyme disease in individuals 15 to 70 years of age. Individuals most at risk may be those who live with or work in areas of high incidence of Lyme disease, such as those involved in agriculture, landscaping, brush clearing, forestry, and wildlife and parks management, as well as those who plan travel to or pursue recreational activities (e.g., hiking, camping, fishing and hunting) in such areas. Most cases of Lyme disease in the United States are thought to be transmitted by Ixodes ticks in the environment, through the bite of an infected tick during outdoor recreation, and/or exercise of pets.

Previous infection with *B. burgdorferi* may not confer protective immunity. Therefore people with a prior history of Lyme disease may benefit from vaccination with LYMErix. Safety and efficacy for this vaccine are not yet determined to such patients. As with other vaccines, although a moderate or severe illness is sufficient reason to postpone vaccination, minor illnesses such as mild upper respiratory infections with or without low-grade fever are not contraindications. Before the injection of any vaccine, it is important to inform the physician of any medical conditions, allergies, or other adverse reactions, including understanding the use of the product concerned, and the nature of the side effects and adverse reactions that may affect its use. Prior to immunization with any vaccine, the physician should review the patient's immunization history, vaccination schedule, and the presence and occurrence of any adverse-event-related symptoms and/or signs, in order to determine the existence of any contraindication to immunization and to allow an assessment of benefits and risks. EpiVacchin (Wards 11/1000) and other appropriate agents used for the control of Lyme disease and allergic reactions must be immediately available in the event of an anaphylactic reaction or anaphylaxis.

Packaging for the LYMErix Tip-Lock™ syringe contains dry natural rubber, which may cause allergic reactions; packaging for the vials does not contain natural rubber.

Use a separate sterile syringe and needle for each dose and for each patient.

Dispense of needles properly and do not transfer needles from person to person. Dispense of needles properly and do not reuse needles. If a needle is reused, it must be discarded immediately after therapy. Laboratory Test Interactions: LYMErix immunization results in the generation of anti-OspA antibodies, which can be detected by an enzyme-linked immunosorbent assay (ELISA) for *B. burgdorferi*. The incidence of positive IgG ELISA tests depends on the antibody titer. For IgG ELISA, the higher the titer, the more likely it is that there is an association between anti-OspA titer and IgG ELISA index or Optical Density (OD) ratio; the higher the titer of anti-OspA achieved, the higher the IgG ELISA index or OD ratio. Therefore, because vaccination may result in a positive IgG ELISA in the absence of Lyme disease, it is important to interpret IgG ELISA results in conjunction with a history of vaccination in individuals who are being evaluated for suspected Lyme disease. Following vaccination, the appearance of a 31kD OspA band, possibly accompanied by other lower molecular weight bands on an immunoblot (Western blot), should not be interpreted as evidence of Lyme disease.

Drug Interactions: No data are available on the immune response to LYMErix when administered concurrently with other vaccines. As with other intramuscular injections, do not give LYMErix to individuals on anticoagulant therapy, unless potential benefit clearly outweighs risk of administration.

Contraindications and Precautions of Fertility: LYMErix has not been evaluated for carcinogenic or mutagenic potential, or for impairment of fertility.

Pregnancy Teratogenic Effects: **Pregnancy Category C.** Animal reproductive studies have not been conducted with LYMErix. It is also not known if LYMErix can affect reproductive capacity. Give LYMErix to a pregnant woman only if clearly needed. Health care providers are encouraged to register pregnant women who receive LYMErix (Lyme Disease Vaccine (Recombinant OspA)) in the Pregnancy Registry (see *Product Information* section of the Prescribing Information, page 523).

Nursing Mothers: It is not known whether LYMErix is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, use caution when LYMErix is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: Use of LYMErix is not recommended in children younger than 15 years of age. No data are available on the immune response to LYMErix in children.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: During clinical trials involving 6,478 individuals receiving a total of 19,047 doses, LYMErix has been generally well tolerated. Subjects with the following conditions: chronic joint or neurologic illness related to Lyme disease, disease due to other causes, including stroke, heart attack, myocardial infarction, second- or third-degree atrioventricular block or a pacemaker were excluded from the efficacy trial because such conditions could interfere with the assessment of Lyme disease in the trial. Therefore, data are limited regarding the safety of the vaccine in these individuals.

Unsolicited Adverse Events: The most frequently reported (≥1%) unsolicited adverse events within 30 days of vaccination for all subjects receiving at least one dose (n=10,969) in the double-blind, placebo-controlled trial are shown in Table 1.

Table 1. Incidence (%) of Unsolicited Adverse Events Occurring Within 30 Days Following Each Dose* and Overall (After Doses 1 or 2) or

Events	1		2		3		Overall	
	Vaccine (N = 5,489)	Placebo (N = 5,487)	Vaccine (N = 5,203)	Placebo (N = 5,413)	Vaccine (N = 5,001)	Placebo (N = 5,018)	Vaccine (N = 5,489)	Placebo (N = 5,487)
Local Reactions								
Injection site pain	17.9%	4.9%	8.7%	2.9%			21.8%	6.9%
Injection site reaction					1.4%	0.9%		
General								
Arthralgia	1.5%	1.1%	1.2%	0.9%			2.7%	2.2%
Chills/Rigors					2.7%	2.2%		
Fatigue	2.2%	1.9%	1.7%	1.4%			2.5%	1.9%
Headache	1.29%	0.91%			2.5%	1.81%		
Infection viral	1.88%	1.66%			2.03%	1.45%		
Abdominal pain	1.44%	0.93%			2.54%	1.86%		
Skin					2.1%	1.74%		
Nausea					2.1%	1.74%		
Musculoskeletal System								
Arthralgia	1.57%	1.19%	1.22%	0.96%			2.7%	2.25%
Chills/Rigors					2.09%	1.73%		
Headache	2.23%	1.96%	1.72%	1.42%			2.5%	1.9%
Infection viral	1.29%	0.91%			2.5%	1.81%		
Abdominal pain	1.88%	1.66%			2.03%	1.45%		
Skin/Appendages					2.54%	1.86%		
Nausea					2.1%	1.74%		
Respiratory System								
Respiratory distress					1.10%	1.26%		
Coughing	1.95%	1.17%	1.15%	1.20%			1.50%	1.48%
Pharyngitis	1.50%	1.46%			2.41%	2.47%		
Respiratory distress	1.50%	1.46%			3.16%	2.93%		
Upper/gastrointestinal tract infection	2.63%	3.22%	1.85%	1.27%			4.35%	4.38%
Other								
					1.37%	1.08%		

*Includes events observed through spontaneous reports following each dose and events reported 1 month after doses 1 and 2 (when all subjects were queried regarding the occurrence of any adverse event since the previous vaccination).

p-value<0.05. b-p-value<0.01. c-p-value<0.001.

The most frequently reported (≥1%) unsolicited adverse events occurring more than 30 days after vaccination were injection site pain, headache, and fatigue, all of which were those observed in the placebo group, and most occurred at a frequency of ≤5%, in both the vaccine and placebo groups. The only late adverse events occurring with an incidence of ≤5% in vaccine or placebo recipients were arthralgia (13.64% vs. 11.55%, respectively) and headache (16.0% vs. 15.29%). There were no significant differences in late adverse events between treatment groups after any dose and overall.

Separate post hoc analyses were conducted to assess two subsets of musculoskeletal events which occurred either early (≤30 days) or late (>30 days) post-vaccination.

There were no significant differences in the rates of early or late adverse events between vaccine and placebo groups with regard to experiencing arthralgia, aggravated arthritis, arthropathy or arthrosis. However, vaccine recipients were significantly more likely than placebo recipients to experience early events of myalgia or myalgia and/or headache (25.12% vs. 19.79%, p=0.001) and late events of myalgia or myalgia (25.12% vs. 19.79%, p=0.001).

With regard to late events of arthralgia or myalgia, there were no significant differences between vaccine and placebo recipients.

There was no significant difference in the rates of cardiac adverse events between vaccine and placebo recipients. The rates of early and late events of tachycardia are <1% in both the vaccine and placebo groups and were noted to occur with a similar frequency in placebo recipients included carpal tunnel syndrome, migraine, paralysis, tremor, coma, dysphonia, ataxia, multiple sclerosis, myasthenia gravis, meningitis, trigeminal neuralgia, myasthenia gravis, peripheral nerve root lesion, neuropathy, hyperesthesia, hypokinesia, and intracranial hypertension.

Overall, approximately 18% of subjects enrolled in the study had a prior history of some musculoskeletal condition (19% vaccines, 18% placebo recipients). In a post hoc analysis, vaccine recipients were more likely than placebo recipients to report a history of arthropathy, arthrosis, synovitis, tendinitis, polymyalgia rheumatica, bursitis or rheumatoid arthritis and lasting more than 30 days in those with a prior history of musculoskeletal conditions. Vaccine recipients were more likely than placebo recipients with a prior history of musculoskeletal conditions were more likely to experience musculoskeletal events than subjects without such prior history.

Solicited Adverse Events. The frequency of solicited local and systemic adverse events is shown in Table 2. The following table summarizes the total enrollment at one study center in the efficacy trial. Of these 938 subjects, 800 completed a 4-day diary following each of three doses, and were available according to protocol. Table 2 shows the percentage of subjects reporting a solicited symptom following each dose. The frequency of solicited symptoms in the majority of the solicited events were mild to moderate in severity and in limited duration.

Table 2. The Incidence of Local and General Solicited Adverse Events (including Severe Events) Reported After Each Dose and Overall

Events	1		2		3		Overall	
	Vaccine (N = 4,622)	Placebo (N = 4,622)	Vaccine (N = 4,622)	Placebo (N = 4,622)	Vaccine (N = 4,622)	Placebo (N = 4,622)	Vaccine (N = 5,487)	Placebo (N = 5,487)
Local Symptoms								
Redness	21.64%	18.03%	16.57%	7.04%	25.12%	11.81%	41.79%	20.85%
Redness, severe	2.2%	1.0%	1.0%	0.0%	2.2%	0.0%	4.2%	1.8%
Swelling	36.89%	36.89%	36.33%	30.90%	82.59%	52.26%	93.93%	68.09%
Swelling, myalgia	1.2	0.0	1.0	0.3	3.0%	0.3%	5.9%	0.0
Swelling, myalgia, severe	14.49%	4.27%	11.44%	3.77%	19.19%	6.78%	29.89%	12.30%
Swelling, myalgia, severe, headache	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
General Symptoms								
Arthralgia	11.58%	4.52%	10.70%	8.29%	13.45%	7.54%	25.07%	16.33%
Arthralgia, severe	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Tiredness	20.90%	10.80%	20.19%	11.81%	21.89%	10.33%	40.80%	22.91%
Tiredness, severe	0.5	0.05%	1.5	1.3	1.5	1.0	3.0	2.3
Headache	20.65%	14.43%	12.31%	19.19%	19.85%	18.78%	37.51%	21.28%
Headache, severe	0.05%	0.2	0.2	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.3	0.2
Itch, any	4.29%	1.51%	4.89%	2.01%	5.45%	1.76%	11.09%	5.28%
Itch, severe	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Itch, severe, headache	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	1.0%	1.0%	0.0	0.0
Headache, severe	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Headache, severe, pain	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Headache, severe, pain, headache	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Headache, severe, pain, headache, pain	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Other								

* Seven = -measuring 0-30 mm and persisting longer than 24 hours.

† Seven = -presenting everyday normal activity.

‡ Seven = -presenting everyday normal activity.

Subjects with Previous Lyme Disease: Subjects with previous Lyme disease were assessed using two definitions: subjects whose baseline sera were evaluated for Western blot positivity and subjects who at study entry self-reported a previous history of Lyme disease.

Subjects with previous Lyme disease were assessed using two definitions: subjects who were noted to have a positive or equivocal WB during a visit for suspected Lyme disease or when tested at months 12 or 20. Baseline serology was thus found to be positive in 250 subjects out of 938 total. The percentage of vaccine recipients was 13% (73% vs. 11%, p=0.24). Subjects with a previous history of Lyme disease had an increased incidence of late (>30 days post-vaccination) musculoskeletal symptoms compared to subjects without a history of Lyme disease in both the vaccine and placebo groups.

Subjects with previous Lyme disease had a greater incidence of psychiatric disorders (43% vs. 35%, p=0.51). For these events occurring within the first 30 days, there was an increased incidence of musculoskeletal symptoms in vaccinees with a history of Lyme disease compared to vaccinees with no history of Lyme disease (13.64% vs. 11.55%, p=0.001).

Subjects with a self-reported prior history of Lyme disease had a greater incidence of psychiatric disorders (43% vs. 35%, p=0.51). For these events occurring within the first 30 days, there was an increased incidence of musculoskeletal symptoms in vaccinees with a history of Lyme disease compared to vaccinees with no history of Lyme disease (13.64% vs. 11.55%, p=0.001).

For the 10,936 subjects enrolled in the efficacy trial and followed for 20 months, a total of 15 deaths occurred (10 vaccine, 5 placebo). None of these deaths were determined to be treatment-related by investigator. In the vaccine group, causes of death included: stroke (1), heart attack (1), septic shock (1), homicide (1), and cancer (1). In the placebo group, causes of death included: cancer (1), sudden cardiac death (1), cardiac arrest (1), septic shock (1), homicide (1).

As with all pharmaceuticals, it is possible that expanded commercial use of the vaccine could reveal rare adverse events not observed in clinical trials.

Manufacturers: SmithKline Beecham Biologicals
Rixensart, Belgium
SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals
Philadelphia, PA 19101

Distributed by: SmithKline Beecham, Belgium
SmithKline Beecham, Philadelphia, PA 19101

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BR5-LY1

A Realist Faces Reality

The Ford years don't make a rollicking read, but Kissinger's memoirs draw some smart lessons

By WALTER ISAACSON

IT'S BEEN 17 YEARS SINCE HENRY Kissinger published the second of his three volumes of memoirs, which took him through Richard Nixon's resignation, and some wondered whether he would ever really write this final volume. The Gerald Ford years, after all, were filled with events (communist victories in Vietnam and Cambodia, the end of détente with Russia, arms-control stalemates) that weren't exactly ripe for recounting with relish.

But here it is, yet another 1,000-plus pages, and in the end it was worth the wait. Kissinger again displays an intellectual ambition, provocativeness and mix of sweep and detail that make other memoirs seem pale. Of course that doesn't mean *Years of Renewal* (Simon & Schuster, \$35) is a relaxing beach read. The narratives and character sketches (including those of Nixon and Ford, excerpted in this issue) are often vivid delights, but they are leavened by meticulous trudges through old battlegrounds (some repetitive of previous volumes) that make up in defensiveness what they lack in concision. To paraphrase a reviewer of one of his first books, 40 years ago: Kissinger may be a great writer, but anyone who finishes his book is definitely a great reader.

In the interest of full disclosure, let me note that I once wrote a biography of Kissinger that, while attempting to convey his brilliance, criticized him for failing to fully appreciate the messy openness of America's democracy and the strength it derives from basing its foreign policy on moral ideals. He was not thrilled. In this volume he rather effectively debunks the notion, put forward by myself and others, that growing up as a Jew in Nazi Germany bred in him a reverence for order over ideology, and he ends with an eye-moistening 1946 letter his father wrote him about idealism. But his primary theme, now as in the past, is that in seeking a balance between realistic appraisals of our nation-

al interests and Wilsonian idealism, America tips too much toward the latter.

Kissinger's pragmatic, realpolitik approach may have made intellectual sense, but his lack of feel for America's idealistic impulses ultimately contributed to a string of failures: Congress's unwillingness to support South Vietnam after America's withdrawal; the controversy over "secret" assurances of support that Kissinger had given Saigon; the assault on détente with Russia

or that he could convince Schlesinger to support an arms-limitation scheme based on realistic numbers. Kissinger also tacitly concedes that the secretive methods he used in negotiating with Russia, China and Vietnam made it harder for him to win sustained support from the bureaucracy and Congress.

The most painful failure was the collapse of the Vietnam peace accord. Kissinger's outrage that Congress would not go to the aid of South Vietnam in 1975 when the North launched its final offensive is sincere and understandable. But he glosses over any differences he may have had with Ford, who

displayed a more sensitive feel for the wariness of Congress and the weariness of the public. And he never confronts the basic reality that his 1973 peace accord fudged rather than resolved the issue of whether the communists accepted South Vietnam as an independent country. He is right to be dismayed, but has little justification for being shocked, that neither the North nor the South ever worked hard at reaching a political rather than a military resolution—or that there was little appetite in the U.S. to re-engage in the struggle.

From his earliest writings on Bismarck and Metternich to the final chapter of this final volume of his 3,769-page trilogy of memoirs, Kissinger has remained true to his realist tilt. "The United States," he concludes, "must temper its missionary spirit with a concept of the national interest and rely on its head as well as its heart in defining its duty to the world."

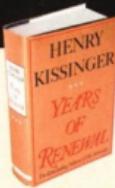
Yet the enduring successes of the Ford years came not from merely pursuing the pragmatic calculations of the Nixon years. The 1975 Helsinki accord, for example, including its über-idealistic declaration on human rights, will be "considered by posterity as a landmark in the West's victory over communism," as Kissinger points out. More broadly, the Ford years restored a sense of honesty, openness and morality to the conduct of foreign affairs. In portraying them as years of renewal, Kissinger conveys his appreciation of these values, perhaps even more fully than he did at the time.



APRIL 1975: AS VIETNAM WAS FALLING
He understood global balances better than American politics

by both liberals and conservatives; and the crazed congressional probes of the CIA oddly abetted by its director, William Colby. Kissinger doesn't go so far as to admit he was wrong, but he does concede that "I underestimated the impact on the public psyche of the sharp difference between our approach to foreign policy and the Wilsonianism which had become dominant in the 20th century."

Kissinger is particularly baffled by neoconservatives such as James Schlesinger and Henry ("Scoop") Jackson. He thought they should have been his natural allies in pursuing anticommunist strategies, but he now realizes how deep the differences were between their uncompromising (and rather ambition-laden) moralism and his realism. Among Kissinger's great mistakes, for example, was thinking he could negotiate with Jackson a compromise level of Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union that would convince the Senator to support détente,



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The Bleeding Heart

By MARGUERITE MICHAELS KINSHASA

BWINDI NATIONAL PARK SITS ON Uganda's southwestern border with Rwanda and Congo, riven by lush green valleys and sprinkled with running streams. It had always been an oasis. But since 1994, as political extremism and military violence began tearing at the region, it has been a transit center for Hutu guerrilla fighters moving in and out of Rwanda. Yet it remained a popular destination for adventure travelers in love with the idea of an Africa blessed with limitless natural beauty.

Early last Monday, death emerged from the wilderness. Deep in the park's misty hills, a band of more than 100 Rwandan Hutu guerrillas, driven into a fury by months of fighting in the ruleless Congo, turned on a group of Western tourists, killing eight (see following story). For the outside world, it was a vivid reminder of the terror that still grips the heart of Africa.

The latest turmoil has its roots in the meltdown of a once hopeful alliance that united four African nations—Uganda, Angola, Rwanda and Burundi—with the promise of establishing a stable, democratic Congo. But the alliance, formed in 1996 to speed the ouster of longtime Congolese leader Mobutu Sese Seko, was split almost instantly by self-interest, greed and ambition. Laurent Kabila, the onetime Congolese rebel installed at the head of the new Congo government, is fighting against three of his allies—Uganda, Rwanda and Burundi—in a desperate war to preserve his rule. The fighting has bled across Congo's border with Angola, and with last week's killings, there is fear it will spread further.

Already Africans are starting to place blame. The Hutus who struck in Bwindi aimed their anger at the Americans and British, who they say are plotting to encourage the dominance of their rivals, the Tutsis, in central



Site of tourist slayings

TIME Map by Joe Lertola

Africa. It was a shocking message for Westerners, who a year ago hoped that Africa would soon invite them into a new era of stability and peace.

"HERE'S MY BUSINESS CARD. SORRY MY name is misspelled. A friend made the cards. I have no money." Meet the interim Finance Minister of Congo, Mawampanga Mwana Nanga. He is also the Agriculture Minister. "Every day is a nightmare. The roads go no farther than 60 miles outside the capital. Less than 10% of the country has electricity. People have forgotten how to work together, and too many are corrupt. This country is not a state. It's a mess. Why are we Africans shooting at each other? There is so much work to be done."

The Congo that Kabila inherited was in need of

help. The vast river basins and dense rain forests of the Congo, a piece of land the size of the U.S. east of the Mississippi, have never been conquered by asphalt or rail ties. Steamers still ply the Congo River, the only efficient means of transport that survived Mobutu's unbenign neglect.

What the Congo could be has been obvious since British explorer Lieut. Verney Cameron captivated Belgium's King Leopold in 1876 with tales of riches. The soil is fertile. There are giant stretches of tropical wood, and an estimated \$58 billion of mineral wealth in the ground.

Kabila meant to turn that promise into a future. Between his arrival in office in May 1997 and the outbreak of civil war last August, he changed the name of the country back to Congo (from Zaire). He brought inflation down from 900% to 5%. He attempted to build a professional army. But



GUERRILLAS IN THE MIST: Hutu rebels haunted Bwindi as they moved from war zones in Congo and Rwanda

LOVE STORY: Tourists from around the globe go into the jungle to see Bwindi's silverbacks play



Part of Africa

The gruesome deaths of eight tourists in Uganda are fresh signs of the continent's violent political meltdown



la. In response, Kabila recruited thousands of Rwandan Hutu fighters. By last September, the country was in an all-out civil war. Says a U.S. official: "The threat of more genocide is what is behind this war."

It wasn't only the Rwandans who worried about that. Tutsi-led Burundi, whose soldiers have been fighting Kabila, has been pressing to use the Congo as a buffer zone. It is 100 miles from the capital of Rwanda to the Congo border but just 10 miles from that border to Burundi's capital—too close in the eyes of Burundians, who worry about a contagion of Rwanda's ethnic chaos.

Ugandan President Yoweri Museveni had similar designs on Congo. Ugandan troops have been supporting a second group of Congolese rebels eager to remove Kabila. Museveni insists his intentions are peaceable. As he appeared on television last week describing his army's hunt for the Bwindi killers, he was polished, global and

what Kabila didn't do was broaden his political base beyond his own tribe. And he began using arrests of politicians and journalists as a management tool.

"[He] never had a chance," says Daniel Simpson, U.S. ambassador to Zaire when Kabila arrived. "He was a minor opponent of Mobutu who had been operating for more than 30 years in the bush. He never had an army; he never had an ideology. He couldn't delegate as President. He became obsessed with his personal security and became obsessed on people from his tribe in the south of the country."

Almost immediately his allies turned against him. The first was Major General

Paul Kagame, Rwanda's Vice President and Minister of Defense. It was Kagame, with Uganda's and Burundi's support, who had chosen Kabila to replace Mobutu. In exchange, Kagame made one demand: he wanted Rwandan officers to retrain the Congolese army, as a way to help stop cross-border attacks by Congo-based Hutu warriors on Rwanda's Tutsi population.

But as Kabila's rule rotted, Kagame lost patience. Kabila, who belongs to the Luba tribe, had begun to look like another Mobutu: paranoid and willing to use ethnic violence to maintain his rule. The idea terrified the Rwandans, who encouraged a faction of the Congolese army to oust Kabila.

sophisticated. Museveni takes pride in his soldiers and insists their presence in Congo is a stabilizing force. They train the Congolese rebels. They turn over any mines captured to the rebels so that they can buy the hearts and minds of their fellow Congolese.

But Museveni's generosity hasn't stopped him from exporting more Congolese gold last year than any other nation in the region—trade he swears was legitimate. Congo's civil war has destroyed what was once a promising personal alliance between Kabila and Museveni, men who seemed to embody a new kind of progressive African leader-

ship. "Museveni is a nigger like Mobutu," Kabilas says of his onetime ally. "He's an exploiter." Says Museveni: "Kabila was always weak, but I didn't know he would also be so treacherous."

Museveni says he still dreams of building a road from Uganda to Kisan-gani, fathoming a Uganda-Congo economic and military alliance that would be among the strongest forces in Africa—an idea that is a nightmare for other African states.

It is that jockeying for political and economic advantage that has splintered the central-African alliance. Oil-rich An-

gola, under the leadership of José Eduardo dos Santos, has supported Kabila since they began fighting together to unseat Mobutu at the end of 1996. Namibia, in support of Angola, has sent a small force to support Kabila. Zimbabwe's leader, Robert Mugabe, has sent 10,000 soldiers to Kabila's assistance. In return, Kabila has promised Zimbabwe a slice of Congo's economic pie: lucrative contracts with Congo's mining conglomerates and the protection of investments by Mugabe cronies.

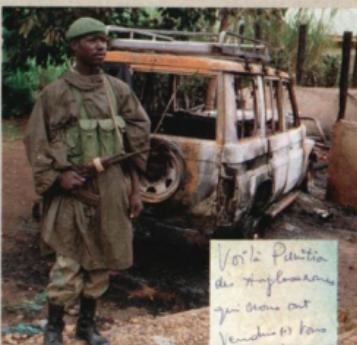
As peace in Congo slips out of reach, leaders like Mugabe and Museveni find the

stability of their regimes wrapped up in Congo's war. The real fear is that the fight inside Congo will become a fight for Congo, a struggle to carve up the nation and assign new borders. Explains Johan Peleman, director of the Belgian-based International Peace Information Service: "The longer the war lasts, the more politically and economically involved the players become in the territory they are occupying." A year ago, that involvement was a hopeful guarantee of peace. Now it seems to be taking Africa down an unfamiliar and dangerous path. —With reporting by Peter Hawthorne/Cape Town and Clive Mutiso/Kigali

In Uganda, Vacation Dreams Turn to Nightmares

THE TOURISTS HAD COME TO clamber through the miles of unforgiving forest inclines, hoping at the end of it to see a handful of the world's 600 remaining mountain gorillas at play. But something else lay waiting in the Ugandan mist. Shortly after dawn last Monday, 100 Rwandan Hutus, screaming and brandishing machetes and guns, raided three camps outside the Bwindi national park, where several dozen tourists were just waking. The Hutus eventually seized 14 tourists they believed to be American and British and forced them to march barefoot into the hills. Only six returned to camp alive; the rest—including two vacationers from Portland, Ore.—were bludgeoned and hacked to death. At least one female victim may have been raped. The Hutus attached messages to the bodies of their victims, warning the U.S. and Britain to end their support of Uganda's government. Said Mark Ross, 43, a U.S.-born tour operator among the kidnapped who persuaded the killers to release him: "Execution sounds like too organized a word."

Given the killers' barbarism, it is remarkable that more trekkers were not slain. Elizabeth Garland, 29, an anthropology student at the University of Chicago, remembered to turn off her wristwatch alarm while she lay fear-stricken in her tent; the raiders never found her. Another American, Linda Adams, 53, walked a mile toward a certain death with the other captives, then feigned an asthma attack and was let go. Deanna Walther, 26, a Swiss flight attendant who speaks French, stayed with the English-speaking hostages even though the Hutus let the French-speaking tourists remain at the camp. Walther, who last September was supposed to work aboard the ill-fated Swissair Flight 111, was ultimately



DEATH'S CALLING CARD: The rebels torched the tourists' vehicles before leaving grim warnings to the West on the bodies of their victims

spared. Some of the terrified survivors left the park on a plane flown by Ross, who had to start its engine with a pocketknife.

To the uninitiated, Uganda seemed a safe haven amid Africa's killing fields. But the country has earned the wrath of the self-exiled Rwandan Hutu death squads for its support of Rwanda's Tutsi-dominated government. Last August the rebels kidnapped six Westerners in the same area; three remain missing.

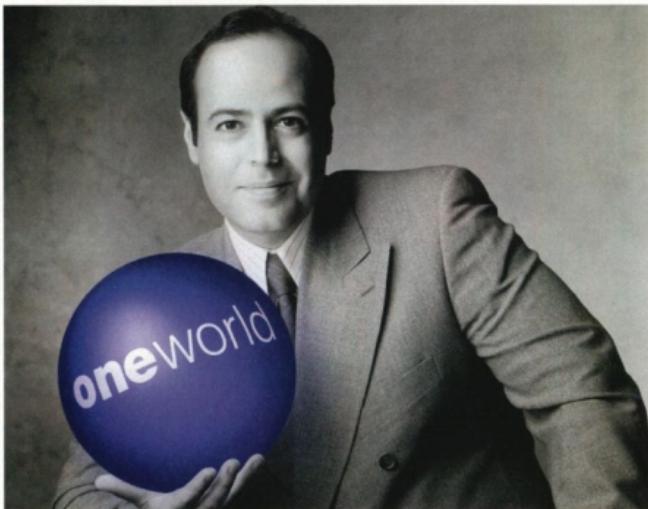
There was speculation that the Hutus deliberately targeted the expeditors in an effort to cut Uganda's burgeoning income from tourism. But the real explanation may be more mundane. "They took a lot of very good gear, rain jackets, boots, backpacks," says a Nairobi diplomat. "These guys were wearing old jeans and T shirts. They were very happy, very excited with what they got." Gorilla-watching expeditions to remote preserves were once limited to the likes of Dian Fossey, the American researcher who lived for 18 years in the Rwandan forests before her murder in 1985. But adventure-holiday companies now take thrill-seeking vacationers into the jungles too. Escorted only by lightly armed rangers, the tourists are easy prey for the poor rebels.

The slain American couple, Rob Haubner, 48, and Susan Miller, 42, were considering early retirement from Intel Corp. and a life of exotic travel when they left for Uganda. They had been in Africa before. "There was no fear," says Eric Pozzo, a friend and former co-worker. "Just nothing but unbridled excitement." Grimacing at the reports of the machete killings, Pozzo says, "These are deaths that you'd not wish on your worst enemy." But in central Africa today enemy is as deep as the forests.

—By Romesh Ratnesar,

Reported by Todd Murphy/Portland and Simon Robinson/Nairobi

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PONDER
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RALPH'S ROUGH

Forgetting the company's past triumphs, investors now see Polo as a stock that's slightly out of fashion. But don't count Lauren out

By KARL TARO GREENFIELD

NHIS ANTIQUE-LADEN MADISON AVENUE office, Ralph Lauren, 59, the most successful fashion designer in American history and CEO of Polo Ralph Lauren, leans forward on a worn leather armchair to tell how much it hurts—the negative reviews of his fall collections and the articles in the business press detailing his company's disappointing earnings and questioning whether Lauren has lost his touch. "I'm the guy who built this company with my bare hands. I've been a big hero in this industry, and I like being a big hero. When the stock goes down, I take it personally."

Lauren points to the Persian rug covering the floor, but what he is really doing is indicating the building, the company, the whole brand. "People are asking, Where's Polo going? Are they out of steam? Are they yesterday's news? Let me tell you something: this company is a great company, not *was* a great company, *is*."

And he's right. Polo Ralph Lauren remains perhaps the strongest combination of business and brand in all fashiondom. Lauren, born Ralph Lifshitz in the Bronx, conceived a vision of WASPY splendor and preppe elegance and then had the all-American gumption to go out and live that dream and project it in sepia tones around the world. He once sold his wares store to store in a bomber jacket and jeans, and leveraged a line of wide neckties into a wider life-style empire with annual revenues of \$1.47 billion and profits of \$120 million. Until this year, Polo/RL sported growth rates a technology firm would envy.

He has succeeded in part because consumers identify the man with the brand. His appearance in his own advertisements, his Manhattan duplex, his Colorado ranch, the vintage-car collection, the private jet are all as much an exercise in brand building as they are in high

living. This approach has allowed him to expand his vision to market everything from suits to suitcases, sofas to soccer balls. This year he is even marketing extreme sportswear to the Gen X and Gen Y crowd, and older folk who want to feel that young. The Lauren reach includes 26 licensees who sell \$4 billion in everything from tableware to towels (Polo/RL gets a cut), plus 224 retail stores and outlet centers.

Wall Street couldn't wait for Lauren to take his company public, but at some level he must resent it. Since Polo/RL's initial public stock offering in June 1997, he has learned the hard way that the only trend that matters on the Street is the direction your earnings are going. And Polo's haven't been going in the preferred direction. Polo's net income has been down two of the past three quarters, and this year earnings growth is projected at an anemic 4.2%, well below 1998's sizzling 35%. The stock has had its price taken in, from the high of \$33 to last week's \$21, during which time the market has increased 35%. That has cost Lauren some \$500 million in net worth; he still owns 43% of the company.

Indeed, the intersection of Seventh Avenue and Wall Street has been the scene of some ugly collisions. Fashion companies—and Lauren has been an exception—tend to have lousy managers. The list of fashion victims includes Donna Karan, Liz Claiborne, Guess?, Mossimo and Nautica. The only hot fashion stock is, ironically, Ralph-licate designer Tommy Hilfiger, which is projecting earnings growth of 58% this year, taking the stock up 100%, to \$70.

CEO Lauren says his difficulties are one-time events caused by a new inventory system and delays in opening some new flagship stores. The company's inventory bloated 36% last year because it lost track of sales. As a result, Polo/RL had to take huge markdowns that will be a drag on profits into this year. The company says its wholesale business—the amount of goods shipped—is still up 14% and that department-store sales are strong.

Analysts don't seem to want to hear about it. They look at Polo/RL as a high-cost operator, a dandy living beyond its means. The company's seven flagship stores—the latest, a 37,000-sq.-ft. monument to fantasy and finery on Chicago's



MARK DAVIS

RIDE

Michigan Avenue—are money pits. Lauren says the analysts miss the point: the flagships succeed as marketing beacons. Nevertheless, sacrifices had to be made to the street. Last month Polo/RL announced a restructuring, laying off 5% of the workforce and shutting nine outlet stores. Is that enough of a (suede calfskin) belt tightening to get costs back in line with competitors Hilfiger and Nautica? "Even with the restructuring, you are still looking at a number of years before you get even closer to where their competitors are," company analyst Christine Kilton-Augustine of ING Barings.

As if to appease the Street's insatiable demand for growth, Polo last week bought Club Monaco for \$81.5 million. What it got is a Canadian-based retailer that sold \$10 million of designer-style (did somebody say Prada knock-off?) wear last year and has clout with the coveted youth market. And with only 13 stores in the U.S., Club Monaco has room to expand. Fashion insiders see Club Monaco as eventually becoming Ralph's stylish answer to the Gap and Banana Republic. What the purchase is not, Lauren insists, is a mass-market answer to feed a starving stock."

Lauren has always had the ability to live with his mostly boomer customers, and that skill is now getting a crucial test. When sportswear exploded, he created Polo Sport. Designer jeans? Ralph was big. When value was king, he offered the lower-priced Chaps line. His recent custom-made Purple Label commands some \$500 for a man's suit. (Now there's something Wall Streeters should warm to.) "My goal is to feel the changing times," he says. This kudzu-like spreading of the brand, however, does carry some risk of diluting the Ralphness of it all. For yesterday's would-be Wasp, the Ralph Lauren brand signified something very clear. What is today's consumer to make of a brand comprising everything from silverware to camping gear? "His clothes are losing their historic reference points," says David Lefebvre, creative director of the Doneger Group, a retail consultant. "He's not building a myth anymore."

Lauren plans to test his mythic chic with several new lines targeted directly at generations X and Y, that \$250 billion de-

PREPPIE PLUS ...

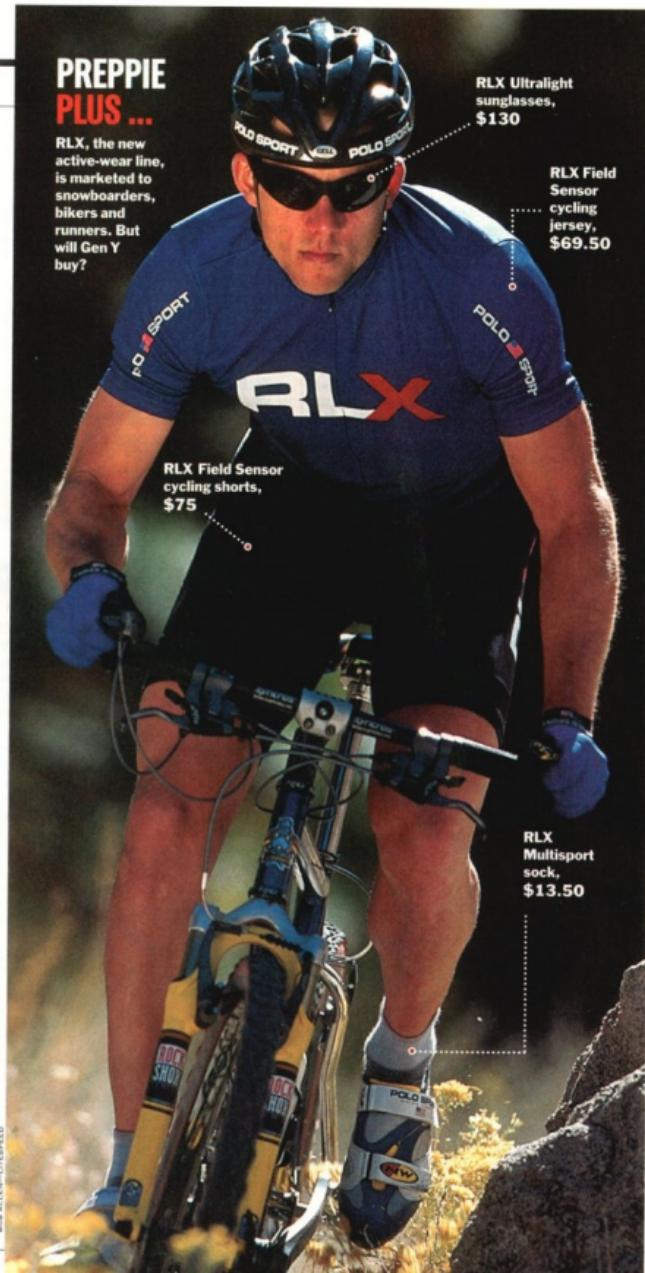
RLX, the new active-wear line, is marketed to snowboarders, bikers and runners. But will Gen Y buy?

RLX Ultralight sunglasses, \$130

RLX Field Sensor cycling jersey, \$69.50

RLX Field Sensor cycling shorts, \$75

RLX Multisport sock, \$13.50



B U S I N E S S

mographic of teens and twentysomethings who are increasingly driving the fashion marketplace. There Polo/RL has to fight with Hilfiger, Abercrombie & Fitch and a host of upstart brands. It's a battle in full swing. "Polo's kind of peaked," says Robert Tucker, 21, a bike messenger in New York City; "the thing right now is Pelle Pelle," an urban street-wear label. "Polo's not yesterday's brand at all," counters Nicole Demers, 15, of Incline Village, Nev. "Certain groups wear it—the more preppie groups." For the latter, Lauren is launching Ralph, a women's line (jackets priced at about \$150) aimed at 15- to 25-year-olds.

Far more ambitious is RLX, an extreme-sportswear brand for mountain bikers, runners and snowboarders. The

brightly colored technical gear is a departure from the subtle tweeds and twills of Polo's yore. Lauren has taken great pains to establish RLX's credibility. The running shoes are made by Reebok; he's sponsoring a mountain-biking team, and has signed prominent snowboarders Ross Powers and Andy Hetzler. It's smart marketing, but he won't necessarily be able to buy credibility in the world of alternative sports, where shunning the Establishment is at least half the point. "Lame," critiques snowboarder Dave Solomon at the University of California, Berkeley.

Lauren has heard that kind of smug remark before, three or four Bugattis and a couple of hundred

million dollars ago. The company has strengths galore: fine products, solid licensing revenue, a strong share in established markets. And it has something nobody else does: a visionary, driven CEO with his name on the door, who takes the declining share price as a personal affront. "I was 6 ft. 6 in. when this started," he jokes, stretching his 5-ft. 6-in. frame out of the chair. "I've led this company, and I've done it my own way for years and years. I've built something here, and I've got a lot more to build. I bet on myself. I bet on this company." Give him this much: so far, that's been a pretty good wager.

—With reporting by Andrew Keith/

Chicago and Elaine Marshall/Incline Village

In Her Fashion: Jerry Who?

AT A RECENT FASHION TRADE BAZAAR IN MANHATTAN, designer Shoshanna Lonstein was giving the hard sell to a group of potential clients. Sporting one of her new fall designs—a strapless wool tube dress—she looked herself up and down, fidgeted with the top of her dress and began, "I've made my clothes to allow for a woman's body, if you have one." Said a buyer from Miami, giggling: "Like you certainly do!" While the crowd burst out laughing, someone in the back whispered, "Hey, isn't she the one that used to go with Jerry Seinfeld?" The answer, of course, is yes, but everyone was too busy filling out order forms to respond.

Seinfeld is making the gossip columns with another girl friend these days, but Lonstein has not relinquished her 15 minutes of fame. Though it debuted only last fall, her collection of lingerie-inspired dresses, with matching handbags and thongs, nearly sold out at Bloomingdale's in three days—“even though they were cotton clothes in November,” notes the store's fashion director, Kal Ruttenstein. There are waiting lists in some boutiques for her outfits, priced at an affordable \$130 to \$160, and her 50-piece sportswear collection will be in 200 stores by June. Sales are expected to top \$1 million in 1999. Not bad for a girl who's only 23 and still lives in her parents' apartment on Fifth Avenue.

At last month's runway show, Lonstein grabbed as many flashbulbs as visiting celebs like Julia Roberts. More surprising, the fashion world is taking her seriously. She's had doting spreads in the major women's magazines; last month *Cosmopolitan* even named her a contributing editor (job description: “providing trend updates, supplying party reports”). “Her designs are like Barbie-slash-Hello Kitty with Liberty of London mixed in,” gushes designer Betsey Johnson. “Kind of Brigitte Bardot and beyond.” Translation: low-cut frocks made of girlish fabrics such as dotted swiss and gingham, in pale pinks and blues that run completely counter to minimalist chic. Even her ex is applauding her new venture. “I’m a big fan,” Seinfeld told *TIME*.

Raised on Manhattan's Upper East Side, Lon-



Lonstein in her showroom; her line sold out at Bloomies, and will soon be in 200 stores

stein began designing clothes out of necessity: she made her own bras and bathing suits when she had trouble finding any to fit her ample breasts and pencil-thin lower body. “I love clothing more than anything else,” she confided over hot cider at a neighborhood lounge. “I almost walk through stores like one would walk through museums.” After graduating from U.C.L.A. in 1997 with a dual degree in history and art history, she apprenticed at a lingerie company, where she learned that “it takes 38 pieces to construct a bra.” Then her father Zach, who has a computer business, lent her money to help form a company. “We never thought she’d work so hard. She even stayed home last Saturday night, which she didn’t use to do during school exams,” says Zach, who often talks shop with his daughter at 5:30 a.m. while he’s on his treadmill.

Shoshanna insists that her Seinfeld connection is not the reason for her success. “I don’t link it with my past at all,” she says. “Maybe you think that’s naive.” Her breezy manner turns prickly whenever Seinfeld enters the conversation. When a correspondent for CBS’ *48 Hours*, interviewing her for an upcoming show, popped a question about him, she stormed off with the camera still rolling.

The fashion world, at least, seems to be taking her on her own terms. Buyers at the trade show were snapping up her fall line—though a few were disappointed there were no matching winter-weather thongs. “The very thing that captivated Seinfeld is captivating everyone else,” says Kate White, *Cosmo*’s editor in chief. “He fell for her because of her beauty and charisma, and so have we.” Now the question is whether it’s a spring fling—or a love built to last.

—By Jodie Morse



Hot Ticket: The Airlines' First-Class Problem

A crime ring is burglarizing travel agencies as part of a scheme to smuggle thousands of illegal aliens

By SYLVESTER MONROE CHICAGO

LARGE NUMBERS OF HISPANIC PASSENGERS are nothing unusual on flights at Sky Harbor International Airport in Phoenix, Ariz. But there was something not quite right about the group of more than 100 Hispanics boarding Delta's Flight 1800, a red-eye to Atlanta, on Tuesday, Feb. 16. When the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service was brought in to investigate, sure enough, 102 of the 186 passengers were illegal aliens. Two days later, the INS checked another Phoenix flight, American Trans Air Flight 751 to Chicago. Of the 171 passengers aboard, 60 were illegals. Another ATA flight later that day turned up 29 more.

The INS says all three groups were part of an organized ring smuggling illegal aliens into the U.S. Since February 1996 the agency has arrested more than 3,000 people at Sky Harbor. "This is a pretty enterprising group of individuals," says Virginia Kice, spokeswoman for the Western regional office of the INS. "Drug smuggling gets a lot more press. But the smuggling of human beings is a multibillion-dollar enterprise."

That includes the use of stolen airline tickets. According to the INS, stolen tickets are part of a package deal, including phony IDs and Social Security cards, that smugglers provide to their clients. And for one person, Barbara Pisa, that news was vindication of sorts. For three years, ever since her Classic Travel Agency in Naperville, Ill., was one of 28 agencies in the suburbs west of Chicago hit by what police describe as a Colombian burglary ring, Pisa has waged a one-woman crusade to focus attention on what she and others say is a serious public-safety issue that the airlines have ignored. At all 28 agencies the take was the same: blank airline tickets—6,000 of them, worth \$6 million on the black market.

The Chicago break-ins were part of a nationwide crime wave that has victimized more than 600 agencies, netting perhaps 500,000 tickets worth hundreds of millions of dollars. And the crimes are continuing. A Marietta, Ga., agency was recently hit twice for 6,000 tickets. "It's organized crime, and it's big," says former Miami Metro Dade detective Gary Yallelous, who along with his partner, John Little, first identified the ring. In 1996 and '97 they arrested 10 people in connection with the thefts, including several of the Colombians and Rafael Horacio Fernandez, 51, a resident alien from Argentina living in San Bernardino, Calif., who was part of another team that printed and sold tickets.

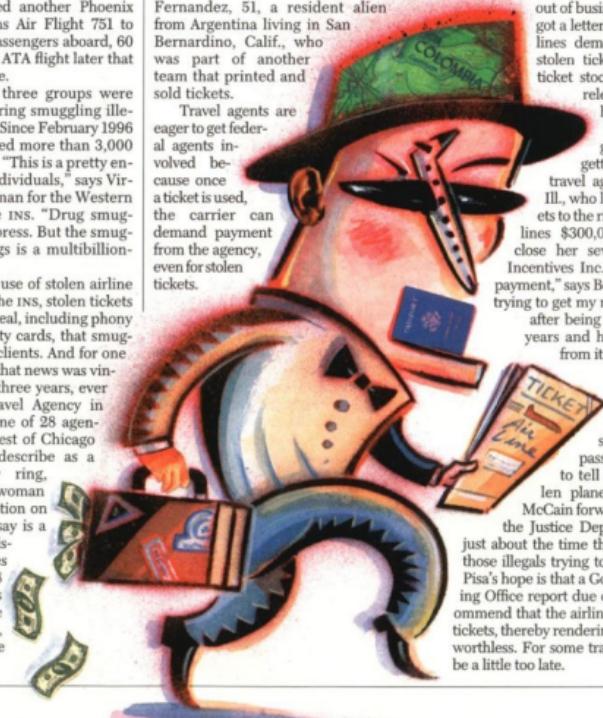
Travel agents are eager to get federal agents involved because once a ticket is used, the carrier can demand payment from the agency, even for stolen tickets.

The agents say the airlines could thwart these crimes by using scanners capable of detecting tickets that have been reported stolen. Such technology would have enabled Hawaiian Airlines, for example, to intercept two passengers who flew from Honolulu to Maui last year with stolen first-class tickets on a plane that had no first-class section.

The airlines reply that the scanners don't always catch the bogus tickets. But last week British Airlines—one airline that does scan—caught a man who was flying from Miami to London and trying to get a \$26,000 refund for seven tickets. A scan revealed that four were stolen, part of a batch of 24,000 taken from Hudson Holidays in Elmwood Park, Ill., in December 1996. "It adds money laundering to the list of crimes the stolen tickets are being used for," says Little.

Liability for stolen tickets is potentially fatal to travel agencies, which have already seen their commission payments cut by the airlines at the same time that the agencies' business is being eroded by customers using the Internet. "We don't have that kind of money. We're just going to go out of business," says Pisa, who got a letter from American Airlines demanding \$16,000 for stolen tickets written on her ticket stock. The airline later relented because Pisa had followed recommended security guidelines. But Georges Boulard-Anthe, a travel agent in Libertyville, Ill., who lost 6,000 blank tickets to the ring and owes the airlines \$300,000, was forced to close her seven-year-old Travel Incentives Inc. "The airlines want payment," says Boulard-Anthe. "I am trying to get my nerves back in order after being in this business 20 years and having to walk away from it with nothing."

Last month Pisa wrote Arizona Senator John McCain, a sponsor of an airline-passenger bill of rights, to tell him about the stolen plane tickets. Intrigued, McCain forwarded Pisa's letter to the Justice Department. It arrived just about the time the INS was arresting those illegals trying to fly out of Phoenix. Pisa's hope is that a Government Accounting Office report due out in June will recommend that the airlines be forced to scan tickets, thereby rendering stolen ticket stock worthless. For some travel agents, that will be a little too late.



TECHNOLOGY

VIDEO GAMES GET TRASHED

Now that PCs can be turned into PlayStations, the Internet is flooded with free—and illegal—games

By CHRIS TAYLOR

HE'S A SCENE THAT SHOULD warm the heart of any executive in the video-game industry. It's a muggy Manhattan morning late last June. Liam McLaughlin, 23, a full-time games bootlegger, opens the door of his Bleecker Street co-op to find three armed U.S. marshals dressed in SWAT gear, and four suits from the Interactive Digital Software Association, a sort of Pinkerton agency for games manufacturers. The marshals have a warrant. Can they come in and look at his game collection? McLaughlin, it transpires, has been making copies of more than 250 CD-ROM game titles for the Sony PlayStation. He's been selling them via his website, hundreds a week, at \$20 a pop—around 60% off the cover price. Fast-forward to last month, and McLaughlin cuts a deal, pays a large fine and makes a very public apology. And the forces of law and order confiscate his PlayStation.

Now here's the bad news for video-game execs: there's a whole new piracy threat on the horizon that is set to make McLaughlin's scam look like a parking violation. It is now possible for you to go online and—for a price ranging from nothing to \$50—download software known as emulators, which can transform your computer

into just about any gaming platform that ever existed. These include today's top-line consoles, the Sony PlayStation and Nintendo 64, which retail for about \$130. Once you've done that, it's a cinch to find literally hundreds of thousands of sites on the Internet that offer illegal copies of the latest shoot-'em-ups—for free. "With just a few keystrokes, you can have a game that's just as good as what you buy in the store," laments IDSA president Doug Lowenstein. "It's certainly damaging to the health of the industry."

Piracy of entertainment content on the Internet is a growing pain in the wallet for artists and executives in several huge industries. Just ask any music mogul who has fretted over the explosion of copyrighted songs that have been pirated and made available for free in the MP3 format on the Net. The rise of emulators could present an even more insidious problem. For one thing, annual sales of video and computer games, at \$6.3 billion, have surpassed those of recorded music and even movies (\$6 billion). And piracy hits the games industry harder, undercutting sales of both consoles and games, which at \$50 to \$60 for a top-rated title like Rogue Squadron or Tomb Raider 3 cost four times as much as a music CD. No wonder the games industry lost a staggering \$3.2 billion to piracy in 1998—about \$1 billion more than the music industry did.

"We're talking about an hour to download a game over a 56K modem, so it's no easy task," says Kevin Haase, a gaming analyst with tech experts IDT. "But these games are expensive. Compared with MP3, the desire to do this is greater." And the opportunity, despite the risk of felony prosecution, is growing. Illegally copied games sites are proliferating so fast that stamping them out is akin to "playing wack-a-mole at the county fair," says Kathlene Karg, one of the IDSA investigators who raided McLaughlin's operation. Case in point: the IDSA managed to shut down 400 sites in the past year—impressive but less than 1% of the estimated total.

Until very recently, emulators had a more innocent image. They were—and to many gamers still are—a way to connect with a simpler computer era and play legendary games for long-dead consoles like the Commodore 64 or Atari 2600. Like so much



EMULATOR SOFTWARE enables PC owners to download bootlegged console games such as *Legend of Zelda*, *GoldenEye 007* and *Gran Turismo*. But beware: it's a felony offense

of late-'90s culture, the emulator scene became cool by being retro. Nick Vigier, 19, a computer-science major at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., last summer found and downloaded a classic version of Frogger and an Atari emulator. Sound like a member of a previous generation who collected Pez dispensers, he explains, "You can relive your childhood."

But as the technology improved, programmers competed for the geek prestige conferred upon the author of the most up-to-date mimetic software. That crown was seized last month by the anonymous duo behind UltraHLE, the first emulator to turn

your PC into a fully operational Nintendo 64. UltraHLE,

or High Level Emulator, became a hot property at a time when Nintendo was starting to claw market share back from its larger rival, Sony. Now every college kid with a speedy TI Internet connection could theoretically download all 26 megabytes of the holiday season's runaway hit, Legend of Zelda. UltraHLE, says Nintendo software manager Jim Merrick, is "like a virus—once it's out, it's everywhere."

Meanwhile, Sony encountered an emulator nightmare of its own—only this time the perpetrator was another large software firm. Connectix in January came out with Virtual Game Station, which allowed Macintosh owners to play Sony video games for a mere \$50. Macheads snapped up a whopping \$3 million worth over three weeks. Sony promptly sued Connectix, which denies any wrongdoing. Last month a judge refused to block shipment of the software while the case is pending. Though it's clearly unlawful to sell or download pirated video games, it remains unclear whether the same strictures apply to emulator software, as Sony and Nintendo claim. In the meantime, another company, Bleem, is working on a Virtual PlayStation for Windows.

The emulator craze is still in its early stages, and may yet work in the companies' favor. Sony, analysts say, is losing money on every PlayStation console it sells because of aggressive price cutting. If users start trashing their consoles in favor of a PC keyboard, the Japanese giant might make more of a profit from games licensing. Sony games, even in their pirated Internet versions, contain about five times as much digital information as Nintendo's, and are thus more difficult for illegal users to download. They must copy CDs, using special \$300 drives, and install a mail-ordered \$4 modifying chip—a significant psychological barrier to mass piracy. And Sony has an ace up its sleeve in the shape of the PlayStation II, set to wow its first U.S. users at the turn of the millennium. Nintendo looks more vulnerable to emulators. Its cartridge-based games are much smaller, download more quickly—and, with UltraHLE, play easily on any PC.

Ultimately, the only way to beat the pirates may be to join them on the Internet. Nintendo is considering making its paid-for games as easy to download as the rip-offs. Then again, as *videogames.com* reviews editor Jeff Gerstmann notes, "some people will always find a way to get something for nothing." —With reporting by Marc Hequet/ *SL*, Paul and Janice Maloney/San Francisco



Next on the Net: Pirated Movies

NOW THAT STEALING MUSIC AND video games has become routine, pirates are closing in on a new target: feature films. Some 200 websites offer illegal copies of popular movies such as *Saving Private Ryan* and *Shakespeare in Love*, according to the Motion Picture Association of America. The images are often blurred and jerky. And downloading them onto your computer is a federal felony. But violators are hard to catch and the films are free, so they're finding an audience. "Online movie piracy is a cancer in the belly of our business," frets M.P.A.A. president Jack Valenti. "It's not a big problem today, but it could plant the seeds for the gar-

LEGAL FILMS
on the site
AtomFilms
include the
23-min. *Neve Campbell*
movie *Love Child*

den of evil."

Stealing and posting filmed images online is relatively easy. A pirate simply carries a digital camcorder into a movie theater, tapes a film, then uploads the file to his PC and personal website back home. Or she hooks a standard VCR up to her computer and uses a video capture card to convert the film to a digital format. For now, DVD movies are tough to pirate because the files are encrypted. Big movie companies are working to develop a similarly secure format that would allow them to offer pay-per-view films online.

Already several sites, including *AtomFilms.com*, *Broadcast.com* and *iFilm.net* post legitimate copies of mostly independent films that can be viewed for free. All you need is a Web browser and a program such as RealPlayer (available on each site). So why aren't these companies worried about piracy? "It's still too early," says *AtomFilms*' Mika Salmi. Ah, but that's what they said about music before MP3 came along. —By Anita Hamilton



Make Room for Daddy

After years of coaching men how to be good fathers, Armin Brott argues that Dad still gets no respect

By WALTER KIRN

WHEN ARMIN BROTT'S FIRST CHILD, Tirzah, was very young, someone asked her what her father did. She answered without hesitation: "He washes the dishes." Brott, 40, an athletic ex-Marine and the Berkeley, Calif., author of a series of hugely popular books on fatherhood, didn't set out to be the superdad's superdad. When Tirzah was born eight years ago, he was working as a contract negotiator for a shipping company and thought business was his calling. But he found himself taking more time off and, over his employer's objections, bringing his little girl to work on occasion. Then in 1992 he wrote a short essay for *Newsweek* that set the course of his new career. Lamenting the absence of positive father figures in children's literature, the piece drew enormous response from readers.

Brott went on to write three helpful how-to books for Abbeville Press, beginning with *The Expectant Father* and followed by *The New Father* and *A Dad's Guide to the Toddler Years*. Topics ranged from providing expectant mothers with emotional support and helping babies cope with colic to establishing college funds and selecting life insurance. But his recently released fourth book is a sea change, moving away from the practical and toward the political. *Throwaway Dads: The Myths and Barriers That Keep Men from Being the Fathers They Want to Be*, co-authored with Ross D. Parke (Houghton Mifflin), is tinged with resentment and launches a multipronged attack on what Brott feels is a lingering bias against the male parent who would rather fix his children's breakfast than get a head start on the morning commute. "Margaret Mead once said fathers are a biological necessity but a social accident," Brott and Parke write. "Throughout much of the 19th and

20th centuries, our culture has been trying very hard to make this statement a reality."

At a time when female pop stars are having kids by seemingly disposable men and deadbeat dads are replacing welfare queens as the favorite social villains, Brott wonders, perhaps legitimately, if fathers are a new endangered species. Of men who fail to pay child support, he and Parke write, "But

with men who are prevented by zealous tax collectors, bitter ex-wives and mother-favoring judges from doing all they would like to for their offspring. Fortunately, Brott and his ex-wife Andrea have reached a mutually satisfying arrangement. They live about a mile apart and divide custody strictly down the middle. Brott is proud that his daughters arrive at his home, which is amply stocked with their personal belongings, with nothing but "the clothes on their back, their backpack and their lunchbox."

Not all divorced dads are so happy with their lot. In *Throwaway Dads*' most strident chapter, Brott and Parke (a professor of psychology at the University of California at Riverside) take aim at a new syndrome known as SAID, or sexual allegations



BROTT PRACTICES the art of fatherhood with his daughters, Tirzah, 8, and Talya, 5

while the image of uncaring, selfish, abandoning men dominate(s) the media, one question remains unexplored: Have these men really run away from their families or are they being chased away?" The two describe the plight of Lloyd R., a divorced father of two who fell behind in support payments when he broke his leg and was forced onto workers' comp. When Lloyd got back on his feet, his wages were garnished and his tax refund was seized. Villain or victim?

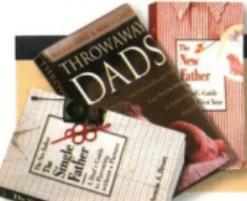
As it happens, as of two years ago, Brott himself is a divorced father of two (his fifth book, *The Single Father*, comes out in April). That may explain his sympathy

in divorce. Citing studies showing that 75% to 80% of these divorce-related allegations are false, Brott and his co-author trace the cozy relationship between counselors who coax abuse charges from frightened kids and the social-service programs that pay them for eliciting horror stories. "By viewing men with suspicion and fear, we are driving them farther away from their families," write Brott and Parke.

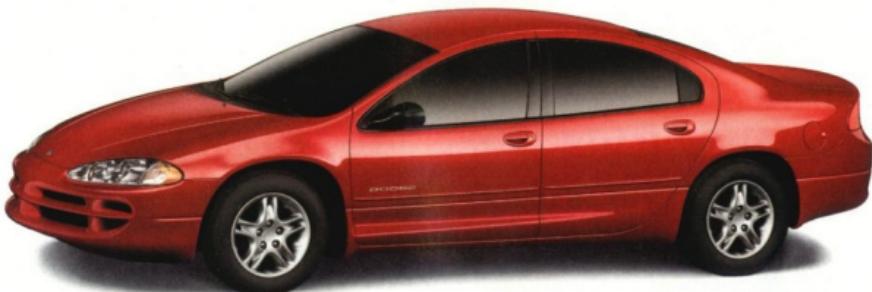
So what sort of dad is Brott when he's not washing dishes? Sitting in a fast-food steakhouse with Tirzah, now a third-grader, and Talya, a kindergartner, all theory dissolves. Laughing with the girls as they create minor chaos, Brott is clearly more permissive than some moms might be. "This is not a stylish kind of thing," he says. "I don't think it's going to 'help me pick up chicks.' I do it because I love doing it." Still, there's unresolved anger eating at Brott. For men like him—the sensitive superdads so longed-for by women—will trying to be the best that they can be ever be enough? —Reported by Andrea Sachs/Berkeley

QUICK TIPS ON FATHERHOOD

ON CRYING Resist the urge to hand your child to your partner. She knows nothing more about crying babies than you do. **ON DIVORCE** Don't tell the kids they're really lucky to have two houses—they aren't. **ON ROUGHHOUSING** Play energetically. Children with physically active dads are more popular and successful in their relationships with other kids.



Paradox:



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It's tough to categorize the 1999 Dodge Intrepid. On the one hand, it has a lease rate that's lean and a price tag that's mid-size. Yet Intrepid offers so much interior space that it's officially recognized as a large car by the EPA. Its standard aluminum engine delivers a stingy EPA estimated mpg of 21 city, 30 highway, yet it generates a stout 200 horsepower. That's more power per liter than any regular-fuel V-6 engine available today. And while Intrepid's ride is supple, its handling is crisp and controlled. Large car, mid-size car, family car, luxury car, sports sedan. That's not a paradox, it's an Intrepid. Dodge Intrepid. We're changing everything. Again.

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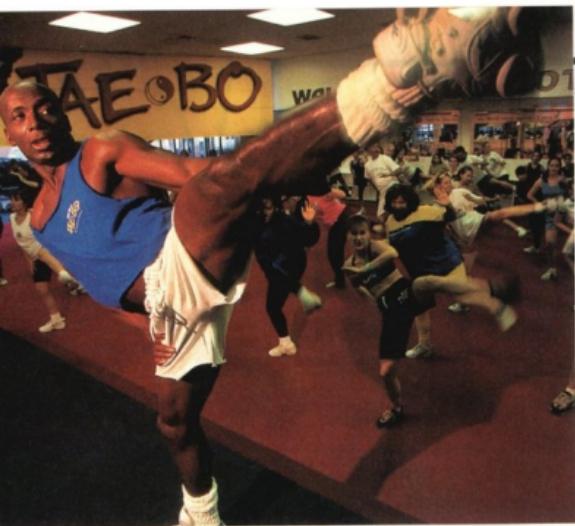
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FITNESS

KICKING UP A PROFIT: Blanks, at his studio, shows off his moves to a hip-hop beat

Tae-Bo. Monea's lawyer declines to comment on the allegations. But his client's track record isn't reassuring. In 1997 an Ohio court ruled that Monea's company could not sell "the stimulator," an electric-grill lighter outfitted with a thumb plunger that, when pressed, was supposed to relieve pain.

Blanks, who looks like he could take on a Mac truck, distances himself from his partner's legal troubles, preferring to stick to his own pretty remarkable success story. "I was the one who wasn't going to be someone," says Blanks, 43. He was the fourth of 15 children born to a poor black family in Pennsylvania. He had bad hips, dyslexia and (can you hear the *Rocky* theme music yet?) was nearly kicked out of his first martial-arts class at age 11. Using a mirror to learn the moves and correct for his impairment, he remade himself. He won scores of karate titles, appeared in a string of B movies and was born again—in that order. He is a preacher in an athlete's body, and Tae-Bo is his one true gospel. "Tae-Bo is the only exercise that will give you everything you want," he says.

Maybe more than you want, according to skeptics. Some fitness experts fault the tapes for inadequate warm-up time and instruction. "He's working at a speed that's very quick," says Linda Shelton, an editor at *Shape* magazine. "Too quick for most people to execute a safe kick or punch." The many repetitions, often without modifications, may risk overuse injuries to the shoulder and back. "This is a program for the fitness elite," says Petra Robinson, a vice president at the American Fitness Association. "It's too intense for beginners."

Don't tell that to Marsha Boysan, 37, an attorney who works out to Tae-Bo four times a week. Her abs jut out below a damp sports bra as she discloses that she lost 35 lbs. in her first six months of Blanks' vigorous workouts. Jackie Gradinger, 30, a veteran of the treadmill and step aerobics, proclaims Tae-Bo "the hardest workout I've ever done." She too is impressed by its effect on her waistline, but she adds, "I do it mostly for my mind." Lynne Devlin, 37, a preschool teacher who ordered the tapes in January, finds the mind-body benefits in perfect balance. "My energy is through the roof," she exclaims after the hourlong workout. "Now I can go clean the house!" And while she does, Blanks is cleaning up.

Tae-Bo or Not Tae-Bo?

A hot workout. A ubiquitous infomercial. But has the trendy new fitness routine been oversold?

By NADYA LABI LOS ANGELES

IT'S TIME FOR Y'ALL TO PUT SOME GAS IN your tanks," shouts Billy Blanks. He cranks up the volume on the stereo, and the Billy Blanks' World Training Center in Sherman Oaks, Calif., is flooded with the ragged sounds of Rob Base & D.J. E-Z Rock and human agony. Teeth clenched, sweat dripping, 150 men and women kick out their right feet, then bow at the waist and kick back their left feet. "Lean, guys, lean!" commands Blanks, as he demonstrates the move from a stage emblazoned with the message COD IS GOOD. He then adopts a fighter's stance, and on cue the class punches left, right, left! Walking amid the flailing limbs, Blanks holds his palms out to the hail of fists, like a minister blessing his flock.

Tae-Bo is not for the faint of spirit, or the weak of back. It is a grueling combination of punches, kicks and squats set to the rhythms of hip-hop. Blanks first experimented with the karate-like sequences in his basement in Erie, Pa., two decades ago. He later opened a studio in California, where he has taught the routine to such famed hardbodies as Paula Abdul, Lisa Rinna and Wayne Gretzky. Last August he brought Tae-Bo to the people.

Or at the very least to your television set. Tae-Bo marketers shell out about \$2 mil-

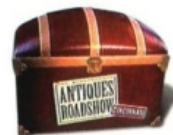
lion weekly to air his 30-min. infomercial across the country. Lose weight! Kick butt! Free your spirit! All that is yours simply by buying a set of four videos for three easy payments of \$19.95. And Blanks has crossed over into free TV too. He turned up on *ER* last month and spent a week with *Oprah* in the Bahamas. No wonder Tae-Bo videos have grossed some \$75 million and placed in the top five of both the *Billboard* and Amazon.com charts last week. Consider that a warm-up. Blanks, who is gearing up to release 24 new tapes, has agreed to write an exercise book for Bantam for a \$1.5 million advance.

His booming enterprise, however, has been dogged by legal problems. His business partner, Paul Monea, who produced the infomercial, is facing two separate lawsuits: one that his sugar Ray Leonard, who contends that his name was used without permission in the Tae-Bo infomercial; and another by Seth Erstoff, an entertainment manager who claims he introduced Monea to Blanks and was later denied a share of the profits from



\$75 MILLION

That's how much Tae-Bo videos have grossed, and Blanks just got \$1.5 million for a book



TV'S TREASURE HUNT

The PBS hit *Antiques Roadshow* is U.S. history writ small. There's a story—and a price—for everything

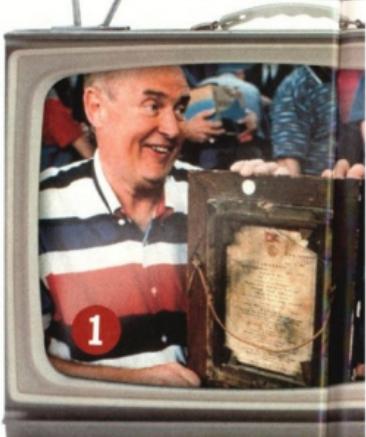
By DANIEL EISENBERG

FOR THE LOYAL VIEWERS OF PBS's *Antiques Roadshow*, spring cleaning will just have to wait. Really, what's a little clutter when that rickety sideboard or dusty cup-and-saucer set might be your ticket to paradise?

By now, tales from this televised traveling carnival of collectibles, where folks have their cherished trinkets and ancestral hand-me-downs professionally appraised, are legendary. There's Claire Wiegand-Beckmann, the retired New Jersey schoolteacher whose beloved wooden table, bought for \$25 in 1965, turned out to be a John Seymour masterpiece that eventually fetched close to \$500,000 at a Sotheby's auction. Or the Houston man who learned that although his oil painting of the *Titanic*, purchased in England decades ago, was worthless, the menu pasted on the back was an original from a last meal on the ship, worth close to \$100,000. (It had been owned by the son of a surviving crew member. The doomed dined on grilled mutton chops.)

Now in its third season, which kicked off in late January, *Roadshow* (Mondays, 8 p.m. E.T.) has become the top-rated weekly program on public television, overtaking *Barney and Friends* and such staples as *This Old House* and *Nova*. A knock-off of a long-running British show, it's being propelled by a booming interest in collectibles and Americana, from Beanie

T E L E V I





JUNK NO MORE ...

- 1 An original *Titanic* lunch menu, pasted to back of a painting. Appraisal: **\$75,000**
- 2 Paul Goder's figure of Alka-Seltzer cartoon pitchman Speedy is worth around **\$3,000**
- 3 Leslie, left, and Leigh Keno (under)valued Claire Beckmann's table at **\$250,000**
- 4 Crafted by the Penobscot Indians, this souvenir club is estimated at **\$5,000**
- 5 American folk art in. A 19th century sampler is valued at nearly **\$50,000**

Babies to 18th century furniture, and the growth of the Internet, where surfers flock to online auction sites such as eBay and Auction Universe. In a nation full of junk keepers, *Roadshow* is sending its 10 million viewers rummaging through their attics in the belief that "you could find a sleeper." So says appraiser Leigh Keno, who, along with twin brother Leslie, has become a celebrity from his appearances. Even though it's built on the dullest of premises, *Roadshow* makes for strangely addictive television. Led by Chris Jussel, an affable former New York City gallery owner, it's an unabashedly folksy blend of game show and art-history lecture. Jussel thinks the show has helped democratize the cloistered antiques world while "giving people an opportunity to touch their past." Each week he journeys to a new city, where he gives a quick tour of historical sights and museums. (This summer, when the show's episodes are taped, he'll be hitting Tampa, Fla.; Baltimore, Md.; Des Moines, Iowa; and Providence, R.I., among others.)

While playing host to a revolving cast of appraisers, always happy for a little free publicity, Jussel sets up shop for one day in an arena large enough to handle the crush of 10,000 faithful, many of whom line up the night before, with overflowing shopping bags and boxes in tow. In Phoenix, Ariz., two years ago, the crowds were so big that the fire marshal shut the doors before noon. Once inside, everyone gets two items appraised for free, but only 15 to 20 visitors, those with the most interesting pieces and accompanying stories to tell, make it on the air.

For entertainment value, it's hard to beat the looks of amazement (or disappointment) on people's faces as they eager-

ly listen to the experts' verdicts. "It's the drama of it," says executive producer Aida Moreno. "Every few minutes there's a new cliffhanger." Consider Marcellyn Carroll, who appeared at the *Roadshow* in San Francisco last year. After lugging in an old wooden headpiece that had been in her son's house for a decade, she was "dumbfounded" to learn that it was actually an 18th century Alaskan Eskimo hunting helmet that could be worth \$70,000.

Could be, of course, are the key words. Just as with any antiques appraisal, there's no guarantee of what an item will fetch on the open market. Dealers have been known to downplay value, in effect using their knowledge to separate you from a higher potential profit. Let the seller beware. Moreno says appraisers aren't allowed to solicit business on the floor, and are asked to give very conservative estimates.

Some of the show's more intriguing moments occur when the experts spot a clever fake, a growing hazard in collectibles. (Antiques are rare, goes the old saw, but they're making more every day.) Some customers, like Bruce Miller of Horseheads, N.Y., simply won't accept the judgment. "I didn't fall off a turnip truck yesterday," argues Miller, who attended a show in Rochester only to be told that his three Revolutionary War powderhorn rifles were phony. "I'm not putting a whole lot of faith in it."

Maybe it's a function of an aging population that's getting more sentimental—or just more greedy—but collection mania is helping bid up prices at packed yard sales and mammoth flea markets all across the country. In Portland, Ore., this past weekend, some 18,000 people turned out for a collectibles show at which 1960s shag carpet and Formica kitchen tables reigned as kitsch treasures. "You used to be able to pick up \$20,000 items for \$25 at garage sales," says Chris Palmer, who stages the mart and 10 others like it in the West. "But sellers are a lot smarter now."

On the other hand, at last summer's annual Highway 127 Yard Sale, which stretches 450 miles from Kentucky to parts of Alabama, a bargain hunter paid \$3 for a plain old rock. "It is unreal," says Lois Richards, a resident of Jamestown, Tenn., who rents her front yard to a few of the 3,000 Highway 127 vendors each year. "People will buy anything." And as the *Roadshow* proves, there's no shortage of junk in the attic to sell them.

With reporting by Timothy Roche/Pensacola, Mark Shuman/Chicago and Richard Woodbury/Denver

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: WESTON, LEFT: CLAUDIO ROSSI/WIREIMAGE.COM; TOP: CLAUDIO ROSSI/WIREIMAGE.COM; BOTTOM: CLAUDIO ROSSI/WIREIMAGE.COM

Spicing The Mix

Latin pop prepares to take on America

By DAVID E. THIGPEN

AFUNNY THING HAPPENED LAST week in Salt Lake City, Utah. After Ricky Martin's electrifying renditions of *La Copla de la Vida* performed the musical equivalent of CPR on a listless Grammy Awards telecast in Los Angeles, fans descended on Salt Lake's record stores and picked them clean of the Latin singer's albums. Runs on his albums were reported in L.A. and Miami too, but none was more surprising than the one in Salt Lake, a town better known for its allegiance to the Osmond Brothers than its enthusiasm for Latin pop. Grammy host Rosie O'Donnell summed up what a lot of English-speaking viewers must have been feeling about Martin when she declared, "I never heard of him before tonight, but I'm enjoying him so-o-o much."

Martin's house-wrecking performance may be a turning point not just for him but for all Latin pop in 1999. That's the hope, anyway, of a handful of U.S. record executives who are betting big that a pack of new Latin music stars can cross over and tap the vast English-speaking market. "I have no crystal ball, but my gut tells me that Latin music can be the next big reservoir of talent for mainstream superstars," says Sony Music chief Tommy Mottola, whose company is spending millions hiring market-savvy producers like Puff Daddy and David Foster to help Latin pop join country and hip-hop in the American mainstream.

Although Gloria Estefan crossed over in the late '80s, Latin pop remains foreign to most American listeners. Between now and August, Sony hopes to change that with four major releases—English-language debuts by Puerto Rican-born Martin, East Harlem salsa and stage star Marc Anthony, Bronx native and Hollywood star Jennifer Lopez and the Colombian vocal powerhouse Shakira.

Mottola has the wind at his back. Culturally and demographically, the Latin presence in the U.S. is being felt now as never before. Top-40 radio stations in



Jennifer Lopez

SCREEN STAR
Her Hollywood good looks and Bronx blend of salsa, merengue and pop should make her CD one of June's hottest debuts

Shakira

COLOMBIAN EXPORT South America's answer to Alanis Morissette unabashedly cuts across the lines of Latin pop. MTV should love her

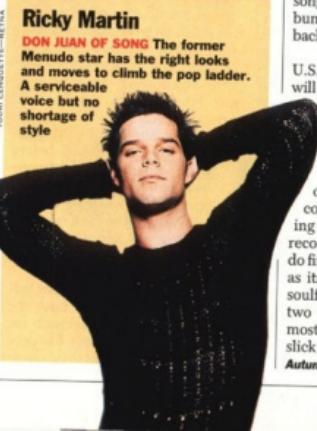


Marc Anthony

THE VOICE The greatest of today's young salsa singers, he'll be a potent weapon with the right pop song. He's in the new Scorsese film

Ricky Martin

DON JUAN OF SONG The former Menudo star has the right looks and moves to climb the pop ladder. A serviceable voice but no shortage of style



MUSIC

New York City and Miami are increasingly eager to play Martin along with Tupac and Lauryn Hill, not to mention the unavoidable 1995 hit *Macarena*. What's more, Latin-genre record sales grew a healthy 21% last year. "Lots of different cultures are accepting Latin music," says Julio Vergara, program director of WSKQ, New York's top Spanish-language radio station.

Some stars may find the culture gap difficult to bridge, but others should be able to cross over easily. Lopez, already well known to English-speaking audiences as an actress, made a splash in the film and music worlds in 1997 with her persuasive portrayal of Selena. An early listen to her yet untitled June album shows she has an inviting, sultry voice, with plenty of poise. Produced by Puff Daddy, among others, the CD hedges its bets by blending disco-influenced R. and B. with a traditional Spanish flavor. "It's a mix of urban and Latin influences," says Lopez, "stuff that makes me dance."

The most potent singer of this bunch is Marc Anthony, who describes his August album as "not salsa, not dance, just pop." Anthony, who is said to be planning a duet with Madonna, will have to labor a little harder to introduce himself to English-speaking audiences, despite his fine work on Broadway in *The Capeman* and several small film roles. "When I go into stores in Times Square and ask for my album, they say it's in the back, in the international section," Anthony complains. "I recorded it on 47th Street! How can you get more local than that?"

Martin will shore up his gains with a new CD in May. Still glowing from his Grammy-night coup, he bubbled, "To see Will Smith doing the jiggy with my song! It's overwhelming." His current album, the throbbing *Vuelve*, catapulted back onto the pop charts this week.

Although she's still unknown in the U.S., Shakira says her summer album will "demonstrate to the rest of the world that Latin people also can make good pop and good rock." Her captivating looks should play well on MTV, and her album is being produced by the godfather of Latin pop, Emilio Estefan. Of course, all the producing and marketing in the world won't carry a bad record across the street. Latin pop will do fine in the English market just so long as its producers don't turn the music's soulfulness and extravagant passion—two things that make it different, and most worth listening to—into just more slick pop product.

—With reporting by Autumn De Leon/New York

The Year of the Hare

The playwright behind the sizzling *Blue Room* returns with two new shows—and a starring role

By ELIZABETH GLEICK LONDON

ON THE FACE OF IT, WHO IN THE BRITISH theater world appears more established, and Establishment, than playwright David Hare? Last year, despite his decades of scathingly political writing targeted at the holy trinity of monarchy, government and church, he was knighted. In London, where the theater is woven into the fabric of everyday life as in no other place in the world, Hare is one of the city's most popular and prolific craftsmen. In 1998 four of his works were staged—four new works, that is—and all did well enough to make it to the U.S. And he has self-confident charm by the bucketful: posh accent; a casually elegant wardrobe created by his fashion-designer wife Nicole Farhi; and an erudite conversational manner, splashed with amusing anecdotes about Salman Rushdie and Philip Roth.

And yet, in his own way, Hare, 51, is afraid of getting too comfortable in his own skin. Which might explain why, just as the Nicole Kidman vehicle *The Blue Room* ends its wildly successful run and Judi Dench is busy rehearsing for the April opening on Broadway of his London hit *Amy's View*, he has decided to climb out on a new limb. This month the auteur turns actor with a 12-week run performing *Via Dolorosa*, a monologue about, of all things, the Middle East. "I just find the regular concerns of the theater so boring," Hare says. "I just don't want to see another play about why my mother didn't love me or how my dad died of cancer."

British director Stephen Daldry originally sent Hare to the Middle East to write a conventional play. But Hare returned with a different notion: to incorporate his meetings with dozens of peo-

ple into a monologue. "All his plays are forms of moral discourse in a way," says Richard Eyre, who has directed most of Hare's work over the past 30 years. "How do you live your life, that's really the question, isn't it?" *Via Dolorosa* emerges naturally from an earlier play about the Church of England, *Racing Demon*, and also from a bold 1996 lecture Hare gave at Westminster Abbey called "When Shall We Live?" about the bankruptcy of

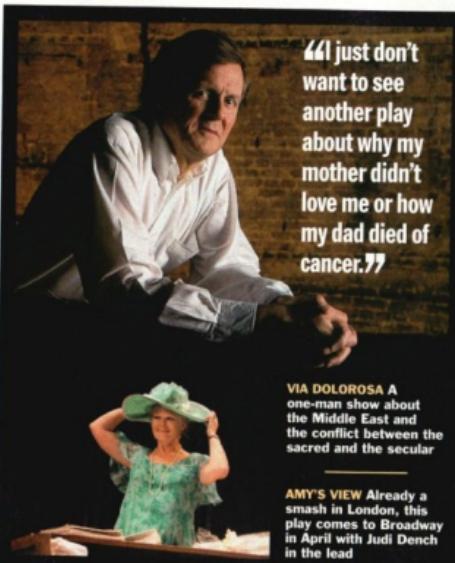
London starring Cate Blanchett)—he is now resolved to experiment only within his chosen genre.

Via Dolorosa was generally well received in London, but New York may be different. In a town where Hillary Clinton's mere mention of a possible Palestinian state can provoke outrage, Hare's sympathy toward the Palestinians and his portrayal of some Israelis as conspiracy theorists who believe that Yitzhak Rabin arranged his own assassination to discredit right-wing Jews may come as something of a shock. Says Daldry: "I would just hope people see the whole argument."

Especially as Hare does not always take kindly to criticism. In 1989, when then *New York Times* theater critic Frank Rich gave his play *The Secret Rapture* a bad review, Hare wrote a very public letter blasting the power of the paper. Even now, let's just say he noticed that the *Times* did not adore *The Blue Room*.

Nevertheless, he is ready to face those "discerning" New York audiences, he says, despite his acting anxieties. "I had this very Noel Coward idea that I'd drift into the theater at 6 o'clock and then at no expense perform my little piece," he says. "Then I would go off for dinner in fashionable restaurants with groups of friends." He laughs a great honking laugh. "I've not once, ever, been able to go out to dinner with anybody after the show—not even my children."

Those who know him, though, say his venture into acting is just further evidence that Hare has reached a new level in his work. "He's just got better and better," says director Eyre. "The more usual playwright's career is to have huge sunbursts of energy early on and then to rather simmer away." Hare admits, "I find myself with almost an abundance of subject matter." And he writes every day, no matter what. "It's heresy to say so, but the Beckett path—whereby you start out writing many words and you end up writing few—is, to me, deeply unattractive." Judging by recent events, there's little danger Hare will go down that unhappy road. ■



"I just don't want to see another play about why my mother didn't love me or how my dad died of cancer."

VIA DOLOROSA A one-man show about the Middle East and the conflict between the sacred and the secular

AMY'S VIEW Already a smash in London, this play comes to Broadway in April with Judi Dench in the lead

religious belief. From writing political plays that verge on the lecture, that is, Hare has decided simply to lecture in an actorly manner. "I find the strategies of fiction more and more tiresome," he explains. "I cannot watch Hollywood films, which I know have been written to a three-act structure that's been taught in class at UCLA." Though he has made forays into Hollywood in the past—including the film version of his play *Plenty* (which is being revived next month in

shape of the playwright's career is to have huge sunbursts of energy early on and then to rather simmer away." Hare admits, "I find myself with almost an abundance of subject matter." And he writes every day, no matter what. "It's heresy to say so, but the Beckett path—whereby you start out writing many words and you end up writing few—is, to me, deeply unattractive." Judging by recent events, there's little danger Hare will go down that unhappy road. ■



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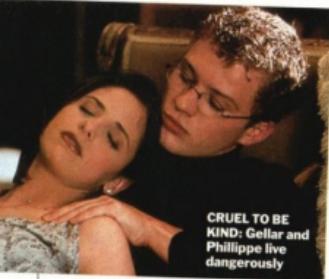
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Mean Pills

A teenage twist on an old tale of sexual combat

ADOLESCENTS ARE, BY THEIR NATURE, heartless, randy and, as all the books inform their frantic parents, eager to test authority's limits. In other words, they have an affinity for *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Now that a young writer-director named Roger Kumble has turned Pierre Laclos's malevolent, much adapted minor masterpiece into a nastily assured teen flick, one has to wonder why it took so long for somebody to age-down its louche protagonists and update its setting.

In place of Laclos's 18th century decadents, *Cruel Intentions* offers us a modern prep-school Lothario (Ryan Phillippe, who looks a little like Leonardo DiCaprio on mean pills) and his half-sister (Sarah Michelle Gellar, deploying

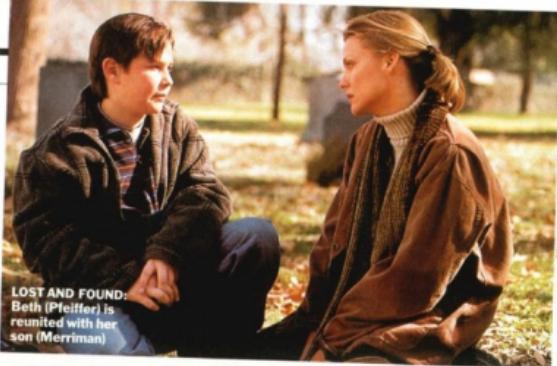


CRUEL TO BE
KIND: Gellar and
Phillippe live
dangerously

her TV vampire-slaying smarts in a lesser cause). But what they do on their summer vacation (misspent in upper-crust Manhattan and Long Island) is the same old story—an elaborate scheme to deflower a couple of virgins (Reese Witherspoon and Selma Blair) whose virtue irritates and challenges them. As in all the other versions of this story, they succeed, but eventually receive a morally satisfying comeuppance.

As if we cared. Our fascination with this tale has always derived from its cool portrayal of utter amorality, which Kumble and his cast nicely energize with their heedless, youthful intensity. This may not go over with the kid audience, which prefers to view itself onscreen as victims or heroes. But their weary parents may just get a kick out of seeing the little monsters presented as well, the little monsters they so often are.

—By Richard Schickel



ERIC LEE—COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ransom of the Heart

Michelle Pfeiffer restores honor to the family drama

LIFE IS A STERN PROFESSOR: IT TEACHES us how to say goodbye. We lose—or simply misplace—our youth, many of our dreams, the bounce in our step, the dewy dependence of our children. We grow, then decay; our kids grow up and grow away. For most of us the process is so gradual that we take it for granted. We accommodate ourselves to loss, as a rehearsal for the ultimate accommodation of dying. But what if you have this good life—the sweet husband, the three kids—and then it disappears from under you, like a magic carpet yanked by a prankster? What if your three-year-old son were kidnapped?

That happens to Beth (Michelle Pfeiffer) in *The Deep End of the Ocean*, adapted by Stephen Schiff from Jacqueline Mitchard's novel. In a crowded hotel lobby, she leaves little Ben in the care of his seven-year-old brother for a few minutes, and when she returns he has wandered off—or fallen off the end of the earth. A kidnapping scenario has the makings of melodrama or piety, but this carefully complex movie, directed by Ulu Grosbard, finds urgency in more ambiguous family vectors.

Beth's husband Pat (Treat Williams) and remaining son Vincent (Cory Buck at seven, Jonathan Jackson at 16) dare to pretend that life goes on. But Beth makes a career of her guilt and grief; she builds a mausoleum for her lost child and moves into it. She sleeps all day and leaves the tending of her infant daughter to the two males in the house. In a nice vignette, young Vincent comes home, sees that his sister is being ignored, picks up her rattles

and puts them in the playpen, then walks through the foyer, knocking over a vase that smashes on the floor as he passes. The heart's violence has rarely been dramatized with such telling nonchalance.

This is a ghost story where the ghost comes back to life. For Ben is found, nine years later, and his name is Sam. O.K., he's back—now what? For Sam (Ryan Merriman) was happy with the folks he thought were his parents. And now that he's back "home," getting bear-hugged by strangers, he wants to return to the loving man who adopted him; the boy feels he's been kidnapped twice. But really it's Beth who vanished, from herself and her family. She was the ghost, sleepwalking for years, reminding everyone that the odor of catastrophe can't be lysed away. Now she has her boy back. Can she give him away again?

Deep End may remind you of a "quality" TV play of the '50s: it is conscientious, delicately acted, lacking in visual flair. It is so generous to all the characters that it tends to meander. Now it's Beth's story, now Vincent's, now Sam's. It has little interest in villainy: the backstory of the kidnapping takes just moments. But in a time when there are few serious family dramas—and when those few, like *Stepmom*, play it shrill and sticky—the old limitations can look like cardinal virtues.

The entire cast does fine work, but Pfeiffer is a treasure. She calibrates each nuance of loss without seeming calculating. She makes Beth sensible and alive, as understandable as that nice woman next door whose sons wake you in the night to remind you that we are all one vagrant step from heartbreak. —By Richard Corliss

This is a
ghost story
in which the
ghost comes
back to life

The Kids Are Alright

Don't tell the clerics, but Iranian films sparkle with wisdom, ambiguity and movie magic

By RICHARD CORLISS

A CHILD'S ARM STRETCHES OUT, AS FAR AS it can, to pour water from a cup onto a scruffy potted plant. This, the first image in Samira Makhmalbaf's *The Apple*, introduces with poetic clarity the film's strange, true story: of 12-year-old twin girls imprisoned by their father in their Tehran home, away from sunlight, from the friendship of other kids, from the smallest ecstasies and exasperations of childhood. This wise, poignant film was made under unusual circumstances. The father and the girls were persuaded to play themselves, and Makhmalbaf was only 17 when she shot it. But extraordinary Iranian films have been almost... ordinary. Savvy cinephiles know that Iran is the place where movie miracles happen all the time.

Iran is today's one great national cinema. Not since the Czech New Wave of the mid-'60s has a country made such a lovely noise at the big festivals and in Western capitals where the term foreign film doesn't evoke a yawn. Directors Abbas Kiarostami (*A Taste of Cherry*), Jafar Panahi (*The White Balloon*) and Samira's father Mohsen Makhmalbaf (*Gabbek*) are as revered in the world film community as they are anonymous at American 'plexes.

To most Americans, the Islamic Republic of Iran is known for denouncing the Great Satan U.S., swearing out *fatwas* on any renegade soul and defining women's rights as the privilege of wearing a chador. For two decades, Iran has been, notoriously, fascism with a cleric's face. So it is a conundrum and a wonder that the republic has allowed the production of highly sophisticated films that are both touching, in the style of Italian postwar neorealism, and at least implicitly critical of aspects of the ruling theocracy. How do Iran's auteurs pull off this doublefeat? Frequently, by cloaking grownup stories in toddler raiment. For Iran is not only a leader in world film; it is the leader in children's films. This is Iran's cinema spirit: humanism with a kid's face.

Children's films—which is meant movies about the young but not necessarily for them—have an honorable pedigree in Iran. The Shahriana sponsored a children's film festival for a dozen or so

years before her husband was overthrown in 1979. Under the Ayatollah, as in the Pahlavi regime, Iranian films proved a valuable cultural export. Last month Majid Majidi's *Children of Heaven* became the first Iranian movie nominated for an Academy Award as best foreign film.

Children's stories are often tales of desperate travels through far-off lands. In

father's wrath, the boy and his kid sister Zahra (Bahare Seddiqi) agree to share Ali's sneakers; Zahra will wear them to her school each morning, Ali to his in the afternoon. Complications ensue, vitalized by the boy's heroic goodwill and the girl's frantic fretting—her petulance is comically magisterial. When Ali enters a 4-km race, the film gets a case of slo-mo sentimentality; it becomes a sort of *Chariots of Farsi*. But Majidi can show family love among the poor without finger wagging. Ali and his clan have the affection of an ideal movie family. American kids and their parents ought to love them.

The Naderi family, in *The Apple*, is far more troubling. Neighbors petition the authorities about the girls' confinement;

Zahra and Massoumeh are removed for haircuts and a good scrubbing, then sent home. But the old father keeps them locked in. His blind wife can't keep an eye on them, and there are boys living nearby. If anyone touched the girls, he says, "I'd be dishonored."

The girls yearn to see growing things; they make a painting of a flower by splattering two sooty handprints on a wall. Finally they do get out and play with two other girls, in a meeting as sweet and spooky as the one between E.T. and little Drew Barrymore. Massoumeh smacks an apple against one girl's face, then hands her the fruit. Baffled but beguiled, the girl kisses Massoumeh—who, inferring that this was a reward for aggression, hits the girl again!

The Apple, like the best Iranian films, is full of such privileged moments. But it is no simple fable of the Wild Child civilized. For two girls and their blind mother thrust into the light, a cave has its security, and the world its peril. The film can only wish the Naderi family the success that Iranian cinema had when it emerged from the shadow of the imams and into the glare of the world screen. ■



CHILDREN OF HEAVEN In Majidi's fable of family love and salvation, a boy enters a race to win his sister a pair of sneakers



THE APPLE When she shot this poignant drama, Makhmalbaf was 17, just five years older than her imprisoned stars

Iranian films, the terrain is typically the child's own hometown. And the potential tragedy can be as simple as being left alone at school, as in Panahi's deliciously devious *The Mirror*. Or, as in *Children of Heaven*, the loss of your sister's shoes.

Ali (Mir Farrokh Hashemian) leaves them outside a grocer's, where a blind trashman spirits them off. Fearful of their

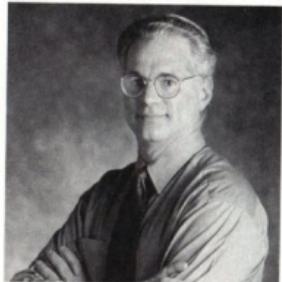
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THEATER

What Comes Natur'ly

Bernadette Peters returns to the stage to give *Annie Get Your Gun* a sparkling makeover

EVEN THOUGH SHE STARTED IN SHOW business at age 3½ (as a pint-size contestant on a TV game show called *Juvenile Jury*) and grew up to be the pre-eminent musical-theater star of our day, Bernadette Peters had never seen *Annie Get Your Gun*. So when she was offered the starring role in a revival of Irving Berlin's 1946 classic, she was not interested in nostalgia. "I don't think a show should be a walk down memory lane—that's why I've avoided revivals," she says. "I believe a show should happen in front of you for the first time."

The musical about sharpshooter Annie Oakley and her love affair with Frank Butler as they toured in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show has a long and illustrious memory lane, dominated by the legendary Ethel Merman. But the production that opened on Broadway last week—with Peters returning to the stage for the first time since *The Goodbye Girl* in 1993—takes a new bead on the familiar old target and hits the bull's-eye with ease.

Annie Get Your Gun has never had the emotional durability of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classics, or the cachet for sophisticates of the early Gershwin or Porter musicals. What's more, the show today sets off political-correctness alarms with its stereotypical portrayal of Indians. But the book has been updated by Peter Stone (*Titanic*) in ways that pass p.c. muster without losing all the fun. A song has been dropped (*I'm an Indian Too*); an interracial love story has been added; and the Native Americans in Buffalo Bill's show are now quite obviously playing along with the gag. ("How," says Chief Sitting Bull, by way of greeting, "... is business?" In a musical that proclaims, "There's no people like show people," why not?

Director and co-choreographer Graziela Daniele (*Ragtime*) creates a pretty, pastel production and fills the stage with inventive, witty movement. The members of the Wild West troupe are onstage most

of the time, either dancing up a storm or providing rhythmic accompaniment to the action by slapping thighs or snapping scarves. When Frank (the fine Tom Wopat) sings *My Defenses Are Down*, he clings to the leg of one member of a male chorus line as they drag him across the stage—then he turns and drags them.

But the most revivifying part of the show is Peters, who gives the brassy Merman role an adorable new twist. At the start she lays on the backwoods accent so thick you have to laugh, yet when she pines and pouts for Frank, she gives the character a funny, foot-stamping girlish-



SHARPSHOOTER: The Merman role, without nostalgia

ness. There are some miscalculations. The device of framing the story as a show within a show—introduced by Buffalo Bill—gains nothing, and opening with the big number *There's No Business Like Show Business* is a needless appetizer. It's not as if Berlin's matchless songs—*Doin' What Comes Natur'ly*, *Lost in His Arms*, on and on—don't start pouring forth soon enough. Or that Peters, in wonderful voice, doesn't treat each one like fresh-baked goods and make *Annie Get Your Gun* a brand-new delight.

—By Richard Zoglin



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Corrupt Practices

John le Carré's new novel offers a gripping tour of global crime

By PAUL GRAY

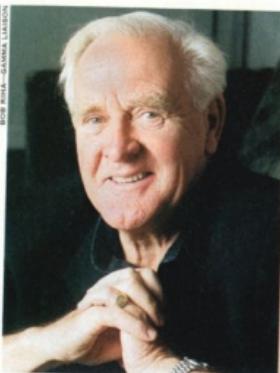


INTERNATIONAL CRIME will probably never attract the sort of headlines and public anxieties that were expended on the Manichaean struggle between the West and the U.S.S.R. Compared with the prospect of nuclear annihilation, hoodlums smuggling things across borders strike most people as an inevitable and tolerable fact of life. But John le Carré, the most artful chronicler of fictionalized cold war espionage (*The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*; *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*), takes a less sanguine view of the outlaw capitalism that only intensified after the collapse of the Soviet Union and the breakup of the old world order. *Single & Single* (Scribner; 347 pages; \$26), his 17th novel, provides a fascinating journey through the new landscape of corruption.

Le Carré stakes his complex and typically elliptical tale, with frequent shifts between time frames and narrative voices, on a fairly basic premise: the tangled relationship between a son and his father. Oliver Single begins as the heir apparent to the legendary Tiger Single, founder of the House of Single, a high-flying London financial firm renamed Single & Single after Oliver, law degree in hand, is brought aboard by his father. The son's initiation into the family business goes smoothly until the firm takes on some new clients: Yevgeny and Mikhail Orlov, Russian brothers who offer Tiger and his son the chance to reap huge profits, with commensurately generous kickbacks to the Orlovs, by acquiring assets of the crumbling Soviet state.

Tiger makes Oliver the trusted liaison with the Orlovs, who dismissively call him "Post Boy," until he grows sickened by the sort of traffic they conduct for their and his firm's profit. "If I can go along with selling the blood of poor Rus-

BOB MCKEE—GANDMA LARSON



sians," he asks himself, "where if anywhere will I draw the line?" So, after one more disillusioning visit with the Orlovs, Oliver deplanes at Heathrow Airport and impulsively asks to see a high-ranking officer of Her Majesty's Customs Service. As it turns out, Oliver is just the person that Nat Brock has been waiting to meet.

Along about here, *Single & Single* begins to get really complicated, in the way that Le Carré's fans have come to expect. To give away as little as possible, let's cut to the present. Oliver has been living under an assumed identity in a remote part of England, all arranged and financed by Brock, for four years, during which he has married, fathered a daughter whom he adores, and then divorced his unfaithful wife. But Oliver's past refuses to remain in that tense. First he finds evidence that his father has finally tracked down his whereabouts and may possibly be seeking vengeance. He then learns from Brock that the Orlovs and Single & Single have had a falling-out. The Russians and their henchmen have mur-

FROM OUR STAFF

Danny O. Coulson is a 30-year veteran of the FBI and the founder of the bureau's elite Hostage Rescue Team. With TIME correspondent Elaine Shannon, Coulson has written *No Heroic Deeds* (Hyperion, \$19.95), a memoir of his work as a negotiator in high-stakes hostage situations. Coulson's account of his work provides an inside look into the FBI's training and tactics as well as a unique account of such events as the sieges at Waco and Ruby Ridge and the Oklahoma City bombing investigation.

AFTER THE COLD WAR

THE SECRET PILGRIM (1991)
An anthology of untold tales from the Ice Age, including a last cameo by spymaster George Smiley

THE NIGHT MANAGER (1993)
Against the backdrop of the Gulf War, a quest for arms dealers and drug cartels

OUR GAME (1995)
Two former British friends and spies clash in an arena of ethnic nationalism in the former U.S.S.R.

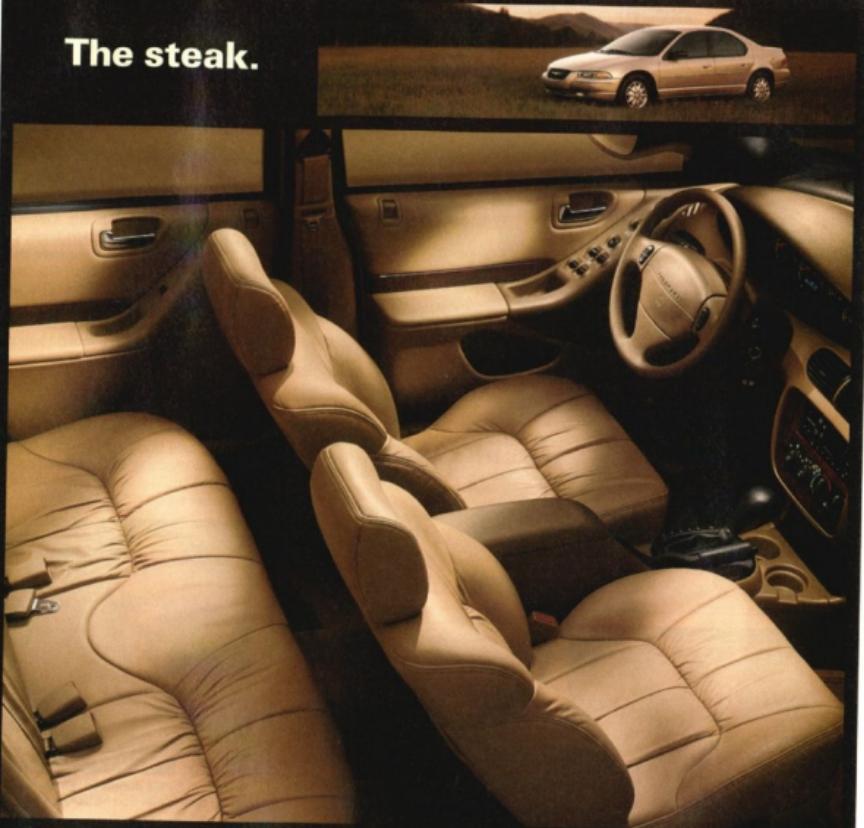
THE TAILOR OF PANAMA (1996)
British intelligence recruits an unlikely ally to try to keep the U.S. from turning over the canal

dered a high official of Single & Single and videotaped the act to impress on Tiger their displeasure with him and his firm. The elder Single, in response, has gone into hiding or perhaps into the clutches of the Orlovs.

Obviously, Oliver wants to save the father he once betrayed, if only to assuage his own guilt. And Brock, as he tells Oliver, also wants Tiger alive, not to punish him, but to find out who in official power allowed Single & Single and a gang of thieves to profit so handsomely. "I want those less-than-perfect coppers he's got on his payroll. The overpaid white-collar civil servants who signed up with him for their second pensions. The bent MPs and silk-shirted lawyers and dirty traders with smart addresses. Not abroad. Abroad can look after itself. In England. Up and down the road. Next door."

Although Le Carré does give Oliver the chance for some last-act heroics on behalf of the endangered Tiger, this conclusion seems more fanciful than inevitable. The power of *Single & Single* stems from the author's portrait of a world in which individuals are no match for the organized mania of greed. The people in the novel who have somehow immunized themselves to the lure of money, however made or stolen—Oliver, Brock, a few upright minor characters—seem to be in the overwhelming minority. How can they prevail against Tiger's motto, which proclaims, as Oliver recalls it, "the sacred right of every citizen regardless of color, race or creed to the best legal loopholes that illicit wealth can buy"? The Apocalypse may no longer loom now, but Le Carré has triumphantly portrayed another sort of death. ■

The steak.



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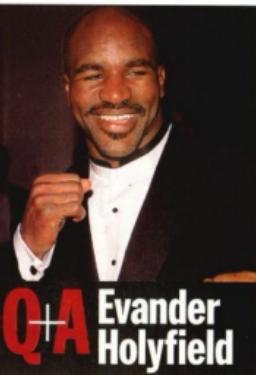
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Q+A Evander Holyfield

Evander Holyfield, the heavyweight champion, fights Lennox Lewis on March 13.

Q: Before you married your current wife, you proposed to three different women before three big fights and then broke it off after each fight. Did you keep using the same ring, Champ?

A: Well, yeah. If you don't get married, you don't let them keep the ring.

Q: Did they get angry, or did they give it right back?

A: They got angry.

Q: Do you let your wife nibble on your ear, or does that freak you out now?

A: I don't do anything like that.

Q: You've said the only foreign foods you like are French fries and French toast.

A: Yeah. That's about it.

Q: Have you tried French-cut green beans? Delicious!

A: No.

Q: Your house has 17 bathrooms. Have they ever all been used at once?

A: No.

Q: You said that when you were four years old, an angel visited you in your family's kitchen every night. Do you know why he picked the kitchen?

A: No, I don't.

Q: You said a prophet warned you before the Mike Tyson fight that he was going to do something bad to your "facial area." Why the heck wouldn't you listen to a prophet?

A: Well, all fighters try to do something to your face. They hit you in the face; they elbow you; there's a lot of things like that. But you don't think somebody is going to bite you.

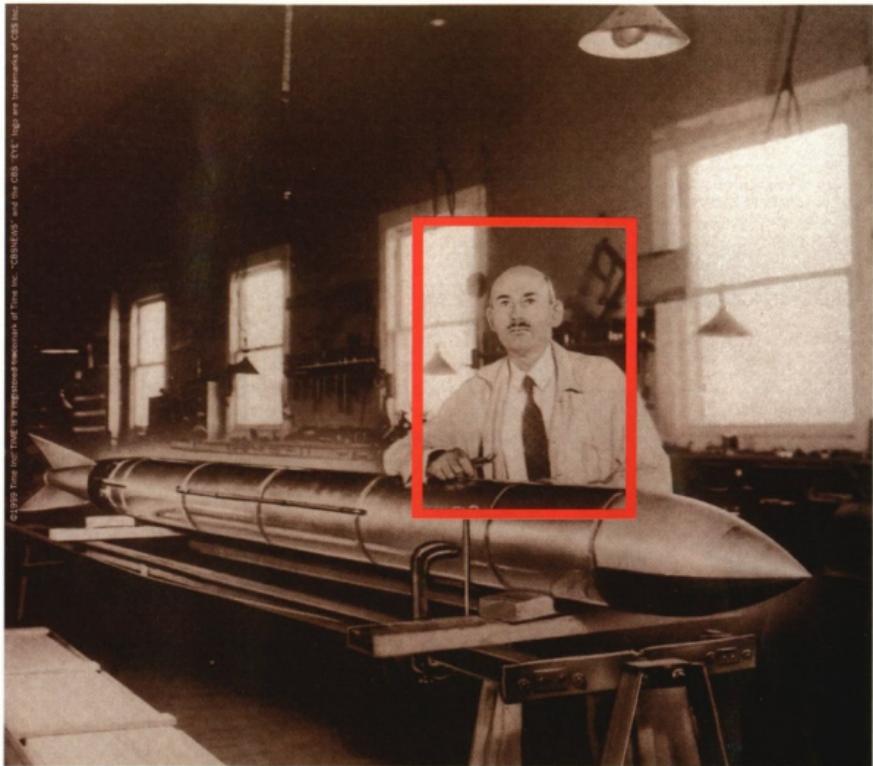
Q: What's the last thing a prophet told you?

A: I can't recall right now.

Q: Did the prophet mention me at all?

A: No.

—By Joel Stein



You don't have to be a rocket scientist to make the list. Oh, wait.
Over the past 100 years, certain people have irreversibly shaped our lives and our future. As the new millennium draws near, TIME Magazine presents the TIME 100. The definitive list of the 100 most influential people of the century. Look for Scientists and Thinkers, the next in our provocative series of special issues and CBS prime time programs.



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Daniel Kadlec

An Unwise Rise

Inflation? Where? How to cope with a paranoid bond market that's raising the price of money

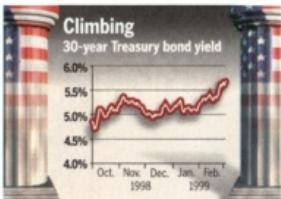
INTEREST RATES ARE ON THE RISE, AND IF YOU ARE holding a variable-rate loan or need to borrow now, you may well ask why. You will not be happy with

the answer. Wall Street, of course, is ground zero, but don't go looking for logic there. All you'll find is a bunch of paranoid bond traders with more worries than a Woody Allen character. It is these traders who have decided that the prices you pay for gas, Wheaties and SUVs are about to start shooting higher, and so they are selling bonds—driving up bond yields—in what amounts to a demand that they get paid more while inflation rages.

It doesn't take a wing-tipped M.B.A. to spot the flaw here—much of the world is in or near recession, demand for personal computers is slowing, so are corporate profits. Amid that sluggishness, the Labor Department said Friday that unemployment inched higher in February—to 4.4%, from 4.3% the previous month. And the prices of raw materials like oil and copper, on average, are at their lowest in decades. This is not the stuff of sudden price hikes in consumer items. "It's beyond me how anyone can be worried about inflation," economist Allen Sinai at Primark Decision Economics says flatly. So exactly what do these masters of the universe discern?

Well, Fed chief Alan Greenspan, who had been leaning toward an interest-rate cut, now says he's no longer leaning. His next move could be up, could be down. That probably means no move is forthcoming—hardly a reason to panic.

Employment and consumer confidence remain robust, and the economy



WAITING OUT A RATE RISE

Delay taking loans, if possible. These higher rates may prove to be near the peak

Invest sideline cash. Once rates stabilize or start to drop, stocks and bonds will benefit

should turn in a solid year of 2.5% to 3.5% growth, Sinai notes. As we've been hearing (but not seeing) for much of the '90s, sustained growth leads to rising wages, which lead to higher prices and, ultimately, higher interest rates. For the umpteenth time, bond traders say we have reached the point at which all that nastiness commences.

But they're really just reading tea leaves, projecting what is famously difficult to project. For inflation to take off, Japan and the rest of Asia will have to wake from a deep sleep before Europe or the U.S. starts to nod off. Interest rates in Japan, by the way, dropped to near zero last week. Inflation? The government is prodding people to buy something, anything, to keep prices from sinking. Even if there is a global recovery, competition aided by technology advances will serve as the price police.

In short, 30-year Treasury-bond yields spiked as high as 5.69% last Thursday, from 5.08% at the end of January, because some bond traders think—yet again—they just might see a possible uptick in inflation at some point in the undefinable future. Might happen. Might not. I view this skittishness as merely the latest pendulum swing in Wall Street's obsession with inflation. It will swing the other way soon enough. In fact, the T-bond yield fell to 5.59% Friday. Still, we have to live with bond traders' anxieties, and for now that means higher mortgage and other rates.

What can you do? Rates may be near a peak. If so, this is a good time to put any sideline cash into stocks or bonds, both of which will benefit if rates stabilize or head lower. If you can put off borrowing money, do so. If not, the risk is that rates keep moving up, in which case stocks and bonds are vulnerable and your loan gets even more expensive. Rising rates smack growth stocks the hardest. So one hedge is to shift from stocks that typically trade at 30 to 70 times earnings (many tech stocks) to value stocks trading at far lower multiples. Those include small companies and dividend payers like utilities and real estate investment trusts. Then wait out the fever. ■

See time.com/personal for more on rising rates. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him Tuesdays on CNNfn at 12:45 p.m. E.T.

MORTGAGE TWO-TIMERS Your mortgage broker is supposed to be working for you, sifting the best deal from among lenders. But a new government report warns that many brokers, who handle half of all mortgages, have undisclosed agreements

with lenders, letting them make money on top of the \$1,000 to \$3,000 per loan that borrowers typically ante up. Ask about such deals before you pay any fee. Also, that fee shouldn't go up just because rates do.

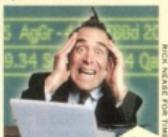


HOME RULE The IRS has been picky when it comes to taking deductions for using part of your home as an office. But a change in tax law taking effect this year will allow self-employed people who spend most of their time on the road but do administrative work in their home office—e.g., contractors and salespersons—to take the write-off. The old rule required that you do all work at home. But remember, the home office still must be used exclusively for your job to qualify.



NIGHT TRADING If you're sick of online-trading outages, just wait until dark. Last week Discover Brokerage said that come this summer, it will offer extended Net trading hours, from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. (E.T.), letting retail investors react to late-breaking news the same way institutions do. Wit Capital has similar plans. Just be aware that since the trading volume after-hours is lower, price volatility can increase.

—By Daniel Eisenberg





Joshua Quittner

Fun with E-Mail

It's not just for messaging. Create mailing lists for the masses and play Scrabble with a pal

SOME GUY GETS ON MY TRAIN THIS MORNING, SITS down and—I'm not making this up—pulls out a battery-operated TV and turns the thing on, loud.

He extends the rabbit ears and settles back with the TV in his lap and it's clear that this Nobel laureate thinks he's in his living room rather than on a commuter train where hardworking people are trying to nap. And he doesn't have the decency to use headphones—no, he's blasting the static-scarred *Jerry* [expletive deleted] *Springer Show*.

The fellow in front of me, clearly in touch with his feelings, says through clenched teeth, "Could you please turn that thing down? It's very annoying." To which Rabbit Ears replies, "Oh yeah? Well it annoys me when people yell into their cell phones ..." As if that had anything to do with the situation. Suddenly everyone in the car pipes up, "That's annoying too! But turn the damn TV off." And I realized that there are a lot of angry folks out there who ought to connect and vent about bad manners. What my trainmates needed was an e-mail list.

You probably know that Internet mailing lists tend to be free discussion groups, focused on particular issues. There are more than 200,000 of them on the Net with some 15 million subscribers discussing everything from global warming to nose hair. Setting up a public mailing list used to be a hassle unless you had access to industrial-strength mailing programs used at universities that allow folks to do things such as automatically subscribe to and unsubscribe from lists. Since e-mail has grown so popular, though, a number of companies are helping people set up and manage mailing lists for a fee of about \$10 a month. Lsoft.com and Sparklist.com are examples of fee-based services—the kind of thing you might need for fast, reliable service.

But here's good news for the rest of us: San Francisco-based Topica.com has just launched a snappy site and is vowing to be the "Yahoo of e-mail lists," according to company founder Ariel Poler. You can



search the site by keyword or topic, read blurbs about each one and subscribe to any of 30,000 lists. Topica hopes to make money mainly through targeted ads. Anyone searching for a list about basenjis, say, might see a dog-food ad. At some point, list "owners" may be given the option of allowing short, targeted text ads to be appended to messages sent to subscribers—in exchange for a percentage of the ad revenue. That sounds tasty.

So I figured I'd set up a list, which was easy enough to do: the interface is clear and well-explained and just about perfect. I chose to make my list unmoderated, meaning anything anyone sends goes out to the full list, rather than through a moderator. I also made it open—you can subscribe without my permission. And I named it "Trainshouters." It's a forum to discuss the bad ways people use perfectly good technology. Feel free to join.

I understand that e-mail from ranting strangers isn't for everyone. So here's another way to have more fun with e-mail, one to one. Hasbro Interactive's Em@il Games are \$15 programs that attach interactive game boards to most e-mail programs so people can play Scrabble, chess, Battleship and other amusements. Demo versions can be sampled at www.emailgames.com. Now if only there were a way to play on the train. ■

For more fun with e-mail, visit our Web site at timedigital.com. Questions for Quittner? E-mail him at jquilt@well.com

LEAVE YOUR JOYSTICK AT HOME Any of the 5 million people who own Wing Commander, the perennially popular space-wars game for the PC, could imagine that its developer, Chris Roberts, had big aspirations. After all, this is the guy who created an elaborate futuristic world where humans battle the evil Kilrathi race across the galaxy. At last Roberts' cyberfantasies get the colossal scale they deserve in the movie version of his game, opening Friday. Expect dazzling effects in this, the first PC game adapted for film.



FREQUENT SURFER MILES If you're the kind of bargain hunter who would switch your long-distance carrier to get extra frequent-flier miles, then CyberGold's new Earn & Spend program, at cybergold.com, may be up your alley. Consumers willing to try various online promotions—like getting a price quote from online car dealer Autobytel or performing a Web search on the Ask Jeeves search engine—can earn \$2 to \$8 for each task, which accrues in an online account and can be used to buy legal forms (like wills or leases), MP3 songs, or screen savers.



CHEAPER GAS, PUMPED FOR YOU

Hate jumping out of your car to pump gas, but rather not pay for full service? This summer, Shell Oil plans to test its Smart Pump automatic fueling system, in which a large robotic arm opens your gas cap, fills the tank, closes the cap, and bills your credit card, all in about three minutes, while you relax or buy coffee. First available in Indianapolis, the Smart Pump will require a special gas cap (installed by Shell) and will read a sensor installed in the car window to detect your fuel type, locate your gas cap and charge your credit card. —By Anita Hamilton





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Christine Gorman

Unkindest Cut?

A new report says circumcision isn't as helpful—or as horrible—as you might have heard

AS IF PARENTS DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TO FEEL GUILTY about. Some advocacy groups are trying to convince them that circumcision—the cutting away of the foreskin of the penis—is the most barbaric thing they can do to a newborn boy. Others believe circumcision will make a boy healthier and happier all his life. The truth is far less dramatic. According to a review of 40 years of data published last week by the American Academy of Pediatrics, circumcision does provide some potential medical benefits, but they are

not so overwhelming that parents should feel compelled to have it done.

If you want to circumcise your son for religious, personal or cultural reasons, fine. If you don't, that's fine too. The pediatricians' group is adamant, however, in saying no boy should be circumcised without adequate pain relief. Perhaps 45% of U.S. circumcisions are still carried out without analgesia.

Circumcision is, of course, nothing new. Egyptian priests practiced it as a purification rite more than 4,500 years ago. To this day, it is an important religious ritual in Islamic and Jewish communities worldwide. Circumcision became popular in the U.S. in the early 1900s, in the belief that it promoted good hygiene and discouraged masturbation. World War II veterans swore by its health benefits in unsanitary tropical conditions. Currently, more than two-thirds of U.S. infant boys are circumcised.

What are the medical benefits? According to the pediatricians' review, boys who are not circumcised are at least four times as likely to develop urinary-tract infections in their first year of life. These infections occasionally lead to kidney problems. But the rate of urinary-tract infections among uncircumcised infants in the U.S. is still no more than 1%. Intriguingly, uncircumcised boys who are breast-fed suffer fewer such problems than uncircumcised boys who are bottle-fed.



DUSTY PERIN/GETTY IMAGES

Take It, or Leave It?

PRO

Fewer urinary-tract infections

Smaller risk of penile cancer

Lower rate of sexually transmitted diseases

CON

Often painful introduction to life

Not essential to a boy's well-being

Loss of sensation at the tip of the penis

other shocks and discomforts of adjusting to life outside the womb, it's unlikely the procedure would leave a boy with lifelong trauma. Complications are uncommon and generally minor, involving a little bleeding or inflammation (and not accidental amputation). Older boys who undergo circumcision are typically given general anesthesia.

In short, medical considerations shouldn't be the parents' primary concern when deciding whether or not to circumcise their son. Health benefits do exist, but they aren't great enough to override any personal preferences. ■

For more on circumcision, visit time.com/ personal or read the report at www.aap.org. E-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

BEYOND THE PATCH Still trying to quit smoking? Consider this. A study out last week found that the antidepressant Zyban, taken alone or in combination with a nicotine patch, works about twice as well as the patch alone. Smokers in the study were treated for nine weeks; after a year 16% of those using just the patch were smoke-free, in contrast to 30% who took Zyban and 35% using both. An added benefit of the combo: it can prevent weight gain—at least early on—that often accompanies quitting.



JAMES KETTERER/PHOTODISC

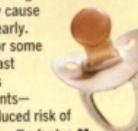
CANCER CHECK-UP

If you're 50 or over, don't forget to get screened for colon cancer. A new 20-year study shows that yearly screenings reduce colon-cancer deaths by a third. The test is simple—even for the squeamish: a small stool sample is placed on a card and analyzed for blood.

BAD NEWS

STRESS CITY The latest round in the coffee debate: four to five cups in the morning can cause adrenaline levels to shoot up by 34%—and remain high for hours afterward. Blood pressure rises slightly too, according to research published last week. The same reactions occur when you're under stress—and no doubt take a toll on health. Evidence? New research shows that in New York—the epicenter of stress—death rates from heart attack are 55% higher than the U.S. average.

LESS BREAST Babies who use pacifiers give up breast feeding sooner than those who don't, according to a new study. Kids on pacifiers tend to have fewer breast-feeding sessions each day, which may cause milk to dry up early. That's easier for some moms, but breast feeding confers benefits to infants—such as the reduced risk of infections. ■



By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources—Good News, *New England Journal of Medicine* (3/4/99); *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* (3/3/99); Bad News: Society of Behavioral Medicine annual meeting; *Pediatrics* (3/99)

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Please see additional important information on adjacent page.

98250203/0267A9

Brief Summary of Prescribing Information as of April 1998

ALLERGA[®]
(Levocabantine hydrochloride) Capsules
60 mg

INDICATIONS AND USAGE

ALLERGA is indicated for the relief of symptoms associated with seasonal allergic rhinitis in patients 12 years of age and older. Symptoms treated effectively include sneezing, rhinorrhea, itchy nose/palate/throat, itchy eyes.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

ALLERGA is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS

Drug Interactions

In two separate studies, levocabantine hydrochloride 120 mg twice daily (once daily in one study) was co-administered with theophylline 300 mg every 8 hours or ketotifen 400 mg once daily under steady-state conditions to normal, healthy volunteers (n=24, each study). No differences in adverse events or pharmacokinetics were observed between the theophylline-treated levocabantine hydrochloride alone or in combination with theophylline or ketotifen. The findings of these studies are summarized in the following table.

Effects on Steady-State Levocabantine Pharmacokinetics

After 7 Days of Co-administration of Levocabantine Hydrochloride 120 mg Every 12 Hours (Once Daily) and Theophylline 300 mg Every 8 Hours (n=24) in Normal Volunteers (n=24)

Concentration	C_{max} (Peak plasma concentration +82%)	AUC_{0-12h} (Area under the curve +109%)
Erythromycin (600 mg every 8 hrs)	+132%	+164%
(400 mg once daily)		

The mechanisms of these interactions are unknown, and the potential for interaction with other orally-acting or macrolide agents has not been studied. Theophylline and ketotifen are known to increase the plasma levels achieved in adequate and well-controlled clinical trials. Levocabantine had no effect on the pharmacokinetics of erythromycin or ketotifen.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

The carcinogenic potential and reproductive toxicity of levocabantine hydrochloride were assessed using teratogenesis studies with adequate test doses (based on a 100 mg/day twice-daily human therapeutic dose) in rats and mice. No evidence of carcinogenicity was observed when mice and rats were administered levocabantine hydrochloride 10 mg/kg twice daily for 24 months, respectively. These doses, respectively, were 10 and 27 times the human therapeutic value (based on a 60 mg/day twice-daily human therapeutic dose). No evidence of mutagenicity was observed in *in-vitro* (Bacterial Reverse Mutation, CHO-HGPRT Forestier Mutation, and *in-vitro* Lymphocyte Chromosomal Aberration assays) and *in-vivo* (Mouse Bone Marrow Micronucleus assay) assays. No evidence of impairment of fertility was observed in male rats.

In rats, dose-related reductions in weights and increases in postimplantation losses were observed at oral doses equal to or greater than 150 mg/kg of levocabantine; these doses produced plasma AUC values of levocabantine hydrochloride 10 times greater than the human therapeutic peak value (based on a 60-mg twice-daily levocabantine hydrochloride dose).

Pregnancy

Teratogenic Effects: Category C. There was no evidence of teratogenicity in rats or rabbits at oral levocabantine doses up to 300 mg/day. These doses produced plasma AUC values 10 times greater than the human therapeutic value (based on a 60-mg twice-daily human therapeutic dose), respectively. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Levocabantine hydrochloride should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the foetus.

Nonteratogenic Effects: There was no evidence of a *per ip* weight gain and survival were observed in rats exposed to oral doses equal to and greater than 100 mg/kg of levocabantine. These doses produced plasma AUC values of levocabantine were equal to or greater than 3 times the human therapeutic peak values (based on a 60-mg twice-daily levocabantine hydrochloride dose).

Breast-feeding

There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in women during lactation. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when levocabantine hydrochloride is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use

Safety and effectiveness of ALLERGA in pediatric patients under the age of 12 years have not been established. In a double-blind, placebo-controlled trial of 14 patients with seasonal allergic rhinitis, a total of 205 patients between the ages of 12 and 18 years were treated during a 12-week period. The mean AUC for the 12-week period was 1.1 times greater than placebo. All adverse events reported by patients were similar to those reported by patients who received the recommended daily dose of levocabantine hydrochloride (60 mg twice daily). The frequency and magnitude of laboratory abnormalities similar to those reported in placebo-treated patients, are listed in the following table.

Adverse Experiences		
	Levocabantine 60 mg Twice Daily	Placebo Twice Daily (n=177)
Viral Infection (cold, flu)	2.5%	1.5%
Nausea	1.6%	1.5%
Dyspepsia	1.3%	2.4%
Drowsiness	1.3%	0.8%
Headache	1.3%	0.8%
Tiredness	1.3%	0.8%

Adverse events occurring in greater than 1% of levocabantine hydrochloride-treated patients (60 mg twice daily), but that were more common in the levocabantine hydrochloride group than in the placebo group, are as follows:

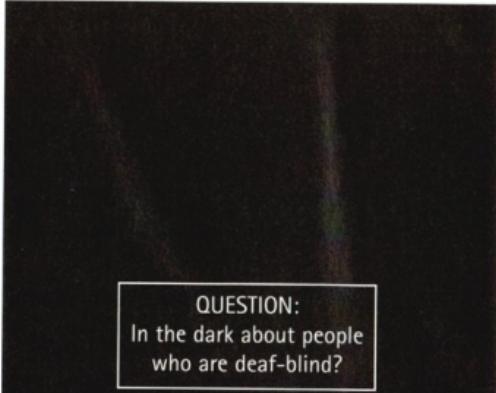
The frequency and magnitude of laboratory abnormalities were similar in levocabantine hydrochloride and placebo-treated patients.

Prescribing Information as of April 1998

Hoechst Marion Roussel, Inc. 9825203/0267A9
Kansas City, MO 64137 USA
US Patent #4,254,129, 5,375,883, 5,578,810

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Hoechst *



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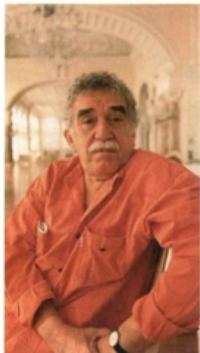
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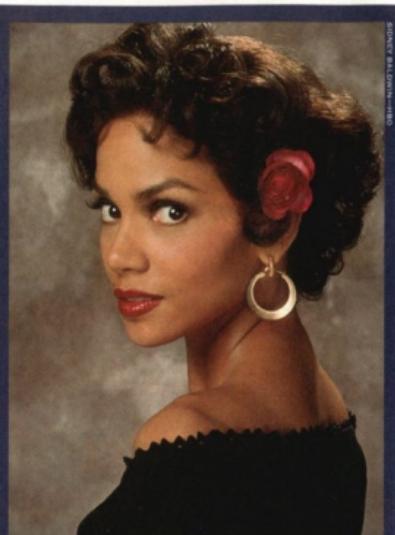
By MICHELE ORECKLIN



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Read All About It

Who needs free alarm clocks and umbrellas? To spike moribund magazine sales, it seems, nothing works better than hiring a new reporter—particularly one with an international following and a Nobel Prize. That at least has been the experience of *Cambio*, a Colombian newsweekly whose newsstand sales have doubled since novelist **GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ** bought the flagging magazine and joined its reporting staff. Undercover assignments are out of the question, but the author, who worked at a newspaper before becoming a novelist, insists on doing his own legwork and recently covered peace talks between the government and rebels. "Journalism is the only trade I like," he told the *New York Times*. Easy for him to say. World leaders take his calls, and he already has a book deal.



HALLE DREAMS OF DOROTHY

"I've been a crackhead and a glamour girl," says **HALLE BERRY**, "but never before both at the same time." Such are the rewards of portraying **DOROTHY DANDRIDGE**, inset, the ravishing but doomed actress who died of an overdose in 1965 at the age of 41. Berry will play Dandridge, the first black woman nominated for a Best Actress Oscar, in an upcoming HBO film. "I understand the struggle of a black actress wanting to do so much but having so many limitations," she says. Berry won the role, coveted by such stars as **Whitney Houston** and **Janet Jackson**, by upping the stakes. "I produced it," she says. "If I'm the producer, I get the part."



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A Family Tree's Twisted Roots

If you think your family holidays are tense, be grateful you're not a member of the Redgrave clan. Last Thanksgiving, while Oscar nominee **LYNN REDGRAVE** prepared the turkey for a houseful of guests, her manager and husband of 32 years **JOHN CLARK** decided to break some rather uncelebratory news.



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It seems that eight years earlier Clark had an affair with his personal assistant, Nicolette. The tryst produced a son, whose paternity remained secret. Then Nicolette got married ... to Redgrave and Clark's son Ben, who soon learned he had become his half-brother's stepfather. Ben and Nicolette eventually split, and Ben insisted that Clark fess up to Redgrave. Believing Redgrave had sufficiently recovered from the shock and apparently taken with the act of truth telling, Clark then revealed the story to the *National Enquirer*. In the article, which appears this week, Clark said, "I hope we can get past this ... I think we can." Apparently Redgrave thinks not. Last week she filed for divorce.

CELEBRITY COURTHOUSE



PLAINTIFF Roger Wilson

DEFENDANT Leonardo DiCaprio

NATURE OF COMPLAINT Wilson, star of *Porky's I* and *II*, is seeking \$45 million from DiCaprio, who he says incited a friend to beat him up. The attack allegedly took place after Wilson confronted DiCaprio for calling Showgirls star and Wilson girlfriend Elizabeth Berkley. DiCaprio's reps deny the charges.



PLAINTIFF Peter Jeffrey

DEFENDANT Smashing Pumpkins

NATURE OF COMPLAINT Jeffrey, a music professor specializing in Gregorian chants, is seeking unspecified damages for hearing loss he claims he sustained after accompanying his son to a concert by the band Smashing Pumpkins (led by singer Billy Corgan, right), despite the fact he was wearing earplugs.



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Michael Kinsley

The Trouble with Scoops

WE ALMOST HAD A SCOOP THE OTHER DAY AT SLATE, the online magazine I edit. We were all terribly excited. The adrenaline was flowing. This is what journalists live for: we were going to grab the world's attention, expose hypocrisy, rectify injustice and draw in new customers. And yet I was only half sorry when the story didn't work out. Scoops are fool's gold in many ways.

The basic premise of a scoop is that you're bringing important facts to public attention. Your philosophical touchstone is Justice Louis Brandeis' bromide that sunlight is the best disinfectant. But you spend much or even most of your energy trying to keep things secret. You're constantly swearing people to silence, making them promise not to tell others so that your scoop doesn't get scooped, and promising for your part to go to jail before revealing your sources.

"We're far more concerned that information like this can be leaked to the press without our authorization," said a spokeswoman for ABC News last week. She was referring to what Monica Lewinsky told Barbara Walters in the exclusive interview for which ABC had fought so hard. She claimed her concern was that the reports were inaccurate. But why should ABC care if other media get the story wrong? The network's real concern was that rivals were getting the story right: scooping ABC's scoop.

Much of the joy of a scoop comes from beating the competition. If TIME has a story a week earlier than *Newsweek*, there is joy in Rockefeller Center. But what service to humanity are you providing when you reveal some information that is going to come out anyway in a week or a day or (in the case of the Internet) five minutes? The scoops of today's leading scoopmeister, Matt Drudge, consist primarily of beating other media outlets to their own stories: reporting that someone else is about to report something. What's the rush?

ABC's Monica coup illustrates an increasingly common form of dubious scoop, as network newsmagazines proliferate and even real magazines compete for "exclusive" interviews with celebrities and newsmakers. The celebrity interview is exclusive only because the network or magazine has insisted on it or paid for it. Once again, the scoop consists less of producing new information yourself than of keeping others from producing it.

The scoops that come out of celebrity interviews are manufactured. The fact in question comes into existence only to serve as a scoop. There is tremendous pressure on the celebrity to say something interesting. How genuinely interesting can anything said under such pressure actually be?

This dynamic is best seen in the related category of the celebrity book. When, say, a former White House aide hires an agent to peddle a book proposal, the process resembles the legal "proffer" or plea-bargain proposal with which the Lewinsky affair has made us all familiar. The difference is that the client is singing for money instead of immunity. "For X hundreds of thousands of dollars, my client is prepared to say Y." Sometimes Y is an actual fact of historic interest, but often it is some unprovable bit of juicy trivia. ("Divorce? Divorce is too good for you!" she screamed. Then I heard a crash ...) And sometimes the scoop consists of nothing more than the former aide's willingness to express a putatively surprising opinion. ("He's a pathological liar, I now realize.")

Book and magazine publishers often follow a hypocritical

convention of burying the scoop deep in the text—to signal that they're not really about anything so vulgar and transitory as news. Then they launch a publicity barrage, invariably including a press release written in traditional journalistic "pyramid style"—that is, with the scoop on top, where it belongs. ("ALBRIGHT SAYS CLINTON NEVER TOUCHED HER." In her just published memoir, *Woman of the World*, former Secretary of State Madeleine Albright denies reports in former White House press secretary Mike McCurry's recent memoir, *The Soul of Discretion*, that President Clinton ...) In essence the press release is the real reporting medium.

It is a bit hard to understand why this works. Why would anyone pay for a book or a magazine just for scoops you already know about from the publicity? But people do. Partly they've been suckered by the sideshow barker's trick of implying that there's more inside when there ain't. But partly there is pleasure in holding and owning something that's making news, even if it's news you already know. And journalists love producing scoops for something like the same reason. There's a thrill in being the first to report something, even if it's basically trivial, wholly artificial or soon to be universally known anyway.

Which brings up the worst thing about scoops: they come with built-in pressure to exaggerate their own importance. All scoops, even real and important ones, by their nature resist perspective. "In a development that experts say could revolutionize our thinking about toast, xyz News has learned that ..." No scoop ever begins, "In a development that may not be any big deal ..." Thus what starts out as a quest for the truth often ends up just adding to the world's supply of dishonesty. ■

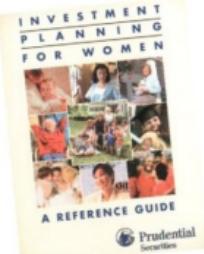




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